

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

THE BEST OF
AMERICAN LIFE
IN FICTION FACT
AND COMMENT

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BURDOCK is a small village that stands near the bank of a broad river the current of which keeps the channel open long after the ice is thick and strong near the banks. Steamers travel up and down almost all winter. The boys of the village have great sport along the marginal ice. In December when it is smooth and glassy and as dark as the water below they get out their skates.

Among the village boys were five close friends who were allied in almost every escapade. They were Jack Lacey, Jim Prouty, Al Henry, Ben Garber and Dan Holmes. Jack was the eldest and the leader. Dan came next in age, but because of his bump of caution was a tail-ender. Jack was inclined to jeer in a friendly way at Dan for his "look-before-you-leap" attitude. The others, who regarded Jack as a kind of hero, frequently joined him in his rail-lery. The boys rarely quarreled, and when they did the quarrels did not amount to much. The ice formed one year to a good thickness along the banks. From the shore it extended out a hundred yards or more and as far as that was perfectly safe for skating parties. Beyond that distance came forty to sixty yards of ice that, although it was thick, was unsafe; the wash from the passing steamers had formed numerous little cracks in it. Often the cracks would close during a cold night, but the place was never so strong as before. Moreover, the outer part of the ice sometimes merely floated without being connected with the rest of the field and so was subject to leverage strains. A good mathematician knows what differences there are between strains; he would say that a weight on the edge of an ice sheet has a far different effect from that of a weight in the middle.

As for Jack, it was the knowledge of that difference that impelled him to venture. He was almost eighteen years old—old enough to know better—and was ready to graduate from high school; naturally therefore he ought to have set a better example for the other boys. But he delighted in the reputation of being a dare-devil. So when he led the "bunch" down to the river one afternoon he proposed to them that just for fun they try to see who could skate nearest to the open water. Jim agreed with enthusiasm; Al consented with slight hesitancy, and after a long pause Ben decided to go with the others.

"How about it, Dan?" Jack inquired.



The largest fragment tilted up against the side of the steamer, and the boys slid off it into the current

SCARY DAN HOLMES

By E. E. Harriman

"Nothing doing as far as I am concerned," Dan replied emphatically. "I fail to see where a chap gains anything by playing the fool."

"Shucks! You're a regular old granny. It doubles the fun if the trick makes a fellow feel that he is getting mighty close to trouble. I was out in a boat yesterday, and the ice is six inches thick right at the edge. It would hold a team of horses."

"Perhaps where you were," said Dan. "It isn't like that all the way. And then there are cracks that the wash from steamers makes. Count me out. I may be an old granny, but I've got some sense."

Next the village the river has fashioned a bay that, since it is rather long and every winter the ice fills it out to the channel, forms an excellent rink for the skaters of Burdock. Moreover, the ice in the slack-water bay is smoother than the ice near the current. At no time that winter was it necessary to venture on unsafe ice to find room. Jack's stunt had but one motive, daring.

The boys went down to the river and put on their skates. With keen delight they tried their skill; they skated forward, backward, "inner edge" and "outer edge"; they tried name writing and figures and indeed every stunt known to good skaters. Then Jack shouted, "Watch me," and cut a wide curve.



Out he swept, gaining speed with every stroke. His skates rang, and the tiny particles of ice flew from their cutting edges. Outward he curved until it appeared that he would go into the channel; then when his flight had grown as swift as that of a bank

swallow he swerved sharply and then darted obliquely shoreward. He was laughing, and his fine eyes were dancing merrily. Daring such dangers as made a normal boy shiver always acted like a tonic with him. "Beat it if you can!" he shouted, and Al shot forward.

Whereas Jack had driven toward the channel at a rather sharp angle, Al chose a long slant. His swoop at the end of it carried him a foot nearer the black, hurrying water. After him came Ben, who barely equaled the mark. Last of all came Jim Prouty, slender and wiry.

Jim weighed the least of any and was an expert skater; his strokes were smooth and light. When Jim took wing, as it were, and flew over the ice he passed with the grace and the swiftness of a bird. Now he started his sweep on a wide arc. Driving forward, he attained a speed that the others had not reached. Up to the edge of the known safety zone his strokes were fast and comparatively short; he was storing up energy. Then when he crossed to the doubtful zone he took long,



slow strokes, rode a single skate for treble the usual distance and changed feet with a catlike softness of impact. But he kept up his extraordinary speed, though he did it apparently without effort. His right runner sent up a long, thin spray of ice particles so close to the sombre depths of hurrying water that they seemed actually to fall on the surface of it. Then the impetus of his body carried him in a wide curve back to safety.

He swung round the grouped skaters in a narrow circle and, spinning on the toe of one skate, stopped. He was grinning triumphantly, but Dan noticed that in spite of the cold Jim's face was beaded with sweat and that the color had left it till even his lips were pale. "Beat that if you can, fellows," Jim challenged them. "Come on, Dan; it's your turn. Let's see you cross my track the thickness of a skate runner. I dare you!"

Dan looked at Jim curiously. The slender boy bore his scrutiny with evident uneasiness; the color began to flow back into his face. "Dare and double dare till your tongue is tired," said Dan slowly. "I shall not do it. You came back here as white as a sheet, and the sweat was in drops all over your face, you were so scared. I'm not a coward, but I shan't risk my life just to beat a record. Nothing doing, Jim."

He swung off on safe ice up the bay. After him rang the voice of Jack. Jim and Al chimed in half hysterically. Ben was silent. "Scary Dan! Scary Dan Holmes!" they cried, but he kept on.

"Aw, come on, fellows," said Jack at last. "Dan always was cautious. Let him skate by himself if he likes it better. I'll beat your mark, Jim, if it costs me a cold bath. Here goes!"

Again he was off; circling to gain speed, he glided away on a tangent. He drove his best and then followed the example of Jim. For a yard his steel cut a line half an inch outside Jim's mark. He came swinging back, laughing and excited.

Then Al tried and failed; he was too nervous to risk that last wide sweep. Ben declined to try for a "record"; he said that he was too slow and uncertain to pass the mark safely. He did, however, cut close to Jim's mark.

Again Jim flew along the glittering surface at a speed that he had never attained before. Rounding back to the group, he claimed a mark an inch outside the best that anyone yet had made.

Jack was not so sure. Skating slowly out to where he thought the ice was sound, and yet where he could look at the lines lengthwise, he studied them carefully. Soon he called to Jim and urged him to come and look. "You can follow your track all the way," he shouted. "You missed mine by an inch instead of passing over it. Come on out here and see."

Jim skated out beside Jack. Then they began to argue. Presently Al joined them, and each tried to induce Al to say which was right. But Al was uncertain, and Jack called to Ben: "Come over here, Ben, and decide this thing."

Pleased at being chosen as arbiter, Ben started for the others, who were standing at least twenty-five feet from the edge of the current. Ben skated eagerly at first, but just before he reached his companions one skate clipped across a line of rough ice. Feeling his speed diminish, he slackened his strokes and then swung to the left in a short half circle. He wanted to see just what had caused that little feeling of roughness under his foot. As he turned he saw a fine irregular line that was rapidly growing wider. Startled, he yelled and launched himself into swifter motion.

Then with a rippling crack a large part of the ice field broke from the main body and soused downward with a heaving motion. The free part, with all four boys on it, sank inches below the rim of the main body. Water flooded the ice raft, and a wave curved up against Ben's shins, but he dived like a tackling football player and slid on his stomach back on the solid ice.

The ice field that had broken away was fully fifty feet wide and more than twice as long. As it sank and bobbed up again cracks that the waves had made long ago and that the frost had healed opened once more. In an instant Jack and Jim and Al were riding an ice raft about fifteen feet square in the midst of many other fragments. Ben scrambled to his feet, yelling.

When the ice had cracked Dan was fifty yards nearer the shore. Turning swiftly, he glanced at the adventurers on the raft. Then "Ben," he shouted, "get ashore, shed your skates and start for Gadsden's Mills. Take it cool and run slow. Long distance, you know. Tell the first man you see and have them get a boat out."

Then with thought for the nearest telephone Dan skated for the shore. He sped as he never had sped on ice skates before. At the shore he unlocked and kicked his skates off and, leaving them where they fell, started to run. Skating had left his legs feeling awkward, but he forced them to carry him fast. He climbed the steep bank and came to the river road that leads in one direction to Gadsden's Mills two and a half miles downstream and in the opposite direction into Burdock. A man in a bobbed was going toward the little village. "Tell them to telephone downriver to get a boat out," Dan yelled at him. "Three boys on an ice floe going downriver!"

He turned then and ran on down the road toward Gadsden's Mills.

The farmer looked after him in amazement; he wondered whether the boy were fooling him. Turning the matter over in his mind, he let his team jog slowly.

"Met a boy just south of the turn, comin' into town," he said to the merchant at the first store. "Sort of square-built feller with a fur cap. Yelled at me that there was three boys floatin' downriver on an ice raft. I don't know if he was foolin' or not."

"That must have been Dan Holmes!" said the merchant, startled. "You bet he wasn't foolin'! Dan ain't that kind." He rushed for his telephone and began to ring for central.

Dan was running doggedly along down the river road; how he wished that the ice ran all the way so that he could skate! There were, however, four bends where the current kept the ice cleared away. And, oh, how he wished for his moccasins! If he had had them on he could make better time and with less effort. It does beat all how a pair of shoes turn heavy after a fellow has run a few hundred yards. Gritting his teeth hard, he bent his head as he ran.

The telephone message from Burdock jolted the town marshal at Gadsden's Mills out of his customary state of complacency. He began fairly to gasp and flounder. Boys on an ice floe! What did they mean by—

"Shut up and get a move on," the merchant at the Burdock end of the wire said to him.

The marshal went out into the street to find a man who owned a boat. The first boat owner whom he met had stored his boat in a barn far back from the river. The second said that his boat leaked badly. The third had just given his a coat of paint.

"Looks as if those fellows will have to

ride that ice chunk down to the city, an' it's eighteen miles from here," said the marshal.

Just then two boys came in sight; they were running heavily and were tired, but they were game. Dan had overtaken Ben. In a moment Dan learned all that the marshal had to tell. Before the slow-witted fellow had time to say anything more the boy spoke: "Where is that leaky boat? I want to see it."

"Right down at the foot of this street. Painted yellor with a black stripe. It's bottom up right by—"

But Dan was off, with Ben running at his heels. Men began to head in the direction in which the boys were going. Women, excitedly questioning, threw aprons over their heads and followed in groups. People came from stores and houses to follow.

Dan examined the yellow boat and decided that it would not leak faster than a boy could bail. With one vigorous lift he righted it and, picking up the oars and a bailer, threw them in. "Get hold here and help me put this boat into the water," he ordered a group of men. "Don't try to stop me! Help me!"

Grumbling out advice of the most pessimistic sort, they obeyed him. They said to him that he either was crazy or was a fool and that he would drown before reaching mid-channel. They even went as far as to say that the marshal ought to arrest him for trying to commit suicide! To all of which Dan turned a deaf ear.

"Get in the stern, Ben," he ordered. "Take the bailer and keep the water down. Get your knife out and open it. Then take this cloth and stuff any crack you can when you aren't bailing."

As he spoke he ripped the lining out of his coat and handed it to Ben. Then, shoving off, Dan leaped lightly into the bow and worked his way back to the rower's thwart. Turning the boat, he began to row, but the craft was large and heavy and clung to the water like a raft; he had to exert every ounce of strength there was in him to make any speed at all. Moreover, water was coming in through half a dozen seams. And out there the ice floe with the three boys standing close together in the middle was coming swiftly down the river.

Ben went to his knees and with his old knife and the coat lining began to calk, but every few minutes he had to stop and bail for life. Once Dan glanced over his shoulder as he rowed. Then, setting his teeth, he tried to redouble his efforts. The floe seemed to be traveling twice as fast.

Neither boy saw the daily upstream steamboat coming. No sound of it reached their ears until the pilot, who was watching the boat, jerked on the whistle cord. To the two boys the harsh blast seemed to be almost overhead.

The pilot leaned from his window and shouted angrily at them to get out of the way. So intent was he on the boat that, although he had also noticed the floe and its living cargo, he had for the moment forgotten them.

Suddenly an agonized yell rose from three throats as the cutwater of the steamer crashed into the floe. The ice raft broke into three pieces. The largest fragment tilted up against the side of the steamer, and the boys slid off it into the current. Then the pilot, suddenly aware of what he had done, gave the wrong bell signals and turned the wheel opposite to the way he intended. The steamer turned to port and slid past just above the boys. The engineer in obedience to signals shut off the power and stopped the propeller. So the confusion of the pilot was helpful after all. The whirling screw had ceased its suction, and the hull of the steamer, acting as a shield, was turning the floating ice away from the struggling boys.

The small boat had four inches of water in the bottom, and Ben was at work frantically trying to get it out. Dan, with calm, set face, was waiting. He saw Jack and Al drifting downstream; he saw Jim holding his own against the current, but Dan knew that the boy could not do it for long.

On the shore the crowd was beginning to mourn. Women were crying, and men were suddenly hoarse. The marshal was shouting dolefully: "They'll be drowned, every last one of 'em. That boat ain't fit for no man to use. Those three are dead now, and tother pair will be in a jiffy. Ain't a mite o' chance for 'em to git out."

But Dan thought otherwise. He turned the boat on its middle and backed water furiously. A couple of strokes and Jim gasped, "I've got it," and the stern sagged.

Again the boat turned and then with Jim trailing behind headed downstream, where two heads were bobbing along in the swift

current. Keeping watch over his shoulder, Dan rowed vigorously and drove the prow of the boat in between the two heads. "Grab hold and hang there!" he yelled. "Don't try to climb in yet. Now, Jim."

Jim came in over the stern and dropped on the seat. Ben slammed the bailer at him and told him to bail "like sixty."

"Now, Al," said Dan, "you work along to the stern and hang on there while we get

Jack aboard. All right. Jim, help Al in and then bail, or you may have to walk ashore. Jack, take the right oar and pull hard."

Into the open water beside the tiny dock the rescue boat, half full of water, nosed its way. Willing hands lifted the boys out, and men took off dry coats to wrap round them. Then the boys ran for shelter.

"Dan," said Jack an hour later, extending his hand, "I'm a lunatic. Put it there."

THE STRAWBERRY GIRLS

By Helen Milecete Duffus

With the speed of a
rifle bullet Herr
Schneider shot forth



DRAWING BY B. J. ROSENMEYER

Chapter Three Billy's important business

FOR once Lil had forgotten even the Yelvertons. Her visit to the dressmaker was a glimpse of fairyland. Cousin Adelaide knew more of the fashions than did even the great Miss Hunt, whose creations the Addingtons had heard of but never had been able to afford. It was a blissful hour that Lil spent in being fitted with a brown holland pattern and in being talked of as a personality. And, as Miss Hunt proclaimed with ardor that Cousin Adelaide's ideas were "most Parisian" and were so suitable for a young lady "who was just coming out," Lil felt grown-up at last.

"I've never half thanked you," she said, clutching Cousin Adelaide as they were leaving Miss Hunt's enthralling rooms. "Oh, I don't even know how to begin!"

"You've said more than you know," Cousin Adelaide replied and laughed. "You will look very nice, my dear, in that little dress."

"Little dress!" Lil gasped. That marvelous garment was only a little dress! "Cousin Adelaide, it's a dream!"

Cousin Adelaide nodded carelessly. "You're very much like your father, Lil, and you have his looks. He was most lovable also. I was very fond of him."

Lil remembered her father well, but she had never thought of his looks. She said, "Oh!" rather faintly and then said what she had been thinking of for some time. "Cousin Adelaide, why didn't you let Miss Hunt cut my dress really low for the party?"

"Because the little V neck was far more suitable and becoming. You're not out yet, you know," Cousin Adelaide was a little nonplused.

"But I shall never come out like other girls!" Lil had longed to show her pretty shoulders, which were so much whiter than Nettie Yelverton's. "I shall always have to toil in our old strawberry garden."

"Well, it's a happy life for just now. Fortunately, you see, you're young."

"That makes it worse!"

"Not when you've everything to look forward to." Then Cousin Adelaide calmly changed the subject. "What would Nan like for a present, Lil?" she asked. "I must get her something."

Lil pondered. "Nan doesn't care much about clothes, but all the same I think she ought to join the dressmaking class next winter. I believe it would be a help for mother if Nan would take an interest in her dresses."

"That's a good idea," Cousin Adelaide replied thoughtfully. "She could learn; and Nan's going to be very difficult to dress. She will be such a beauty that she'll need to understand herself."

"What?" Lil stopped in the middle of the road to the Yelvertons'. "Nan a beauty! Why,

she's awkward, and her hair's never tidy, and her eyes are almost green!"

"There's an old story about an ugly duckling."

But Lil shook her head. "O cousin, don't. I love Nan, but I can't think she could ever be considered pretty."

"Not pretty," Cousin Adelaide corrected her coolly. "I said Nan would be more than pretty. Those green eyes are as changeable as the sea, and that untidy hair curls even out in the rain. She has expression and personality and that greatest of gifts, charm. In three or four years or perhaps longer, for she'll grow up slowly, Nan will create a sensation wherever she is. I hope I may see her do it."

"Oh," said Lil incredulously and almost walked past the Yelvertons' gate. "We turn in here, Cousin Adelaide. This is the avenue."

"What does Mr. Yelverton do?" Cousin Adelaide asked suddenly as they came in sight of the Yelvertons' yellow marble house with its seven kinds of windows.

"He makes money," Lil replied succinctly. "O Cousin Adelaide, do like them!"

But Cousin Adelaide was doing something else as she sat down on a gilded chair in a raspberry-colored drawing-room. Even as she was being introduced to Mrs. Yelverton and her daughter she realized why Lil's mother was reluctant to let Lil see them often. Both were dressed for a garden party, and a joke of Nan's that Nettie Yelverton had twelve new crêpe de Chine dresses and looked as if she wore them all at once recurred to Nan's cousin.

But there was no doubt about the welcome. Mrs. Yelverton planned at once to ask the Addingtons' cousin to stay with them. Even if she refused, the name of the Hon. Mrs. Sinclair could head the list of invited guests at a week-end house party. Mrs. Yelverton had almost said so as she was lading out the lemonade.

"You liked them, didn't you?" Lil asked as she and Cousin Adelaide were strolling home in silence.

"I—think they mean well," Cousin Adelaide replied cautiously. Only pure dismay had made her gracious as her hostess had told her the cost of every article in her glaring drawing-room.

"But you can't say that Nettie isn't pretty?"

"Well, yes," Cousin Adelaide was reluctant to agree. "But, my dear, model yourself and your style after your mother, the most perfect gentlewoman I have ever met." Cousin Adelaide could hardly explain how much she admired Mrs. Addington for her want of self-consciousness and for the simple way in which she had entertained her, just as a humble purse could provide. Of course she could not say those things to Lil; yet how they might have helped the girl.

But Lil was listening to nothing. "Tony Yelverton thinks my new dress will be lovely!" she exclaimed. "And I've promised him five dances at Nettie's party."

"Tony seems a very ill-bred boy." Cousin Adelaide seemed to wake up suddenly. "His manners are appalling. When you know more of nice young men you will not attach any importance to the opinions of Tony Yelverton." After that bombshell Cousin Adelaide relapsed into silence till she found herself being welcomed by Billy on the Addingtons' cool veranda.

"The sun's very hot, Billy," she said as she sank into a chair and Lil disappeared in search of her mother.

Billy was never at a loss for conversation. "When I was little I used to think it was like a candle, and mother could blow it out," he replied. "Doll and the Boarder look nice, cousin, don't they? I've just washed them."

"Very." Cousin Adelaide glanced at the black Doll and the white Boarder, seated affably at her feet. "I suppose you won't be keeping the Boarder for very much longer?" "I'm keeping him forever," the boy replied calmly. "Cousin, have you seen Mr. Bowser?"

"Who is Mr. Bowser?" "My stuffed animal with a squeak in his tail when you pull it. Wait, I'll tell the dog family to get him. Doll and Boarder," he called sharply, "where is Mr. Bowser?"

With a wild rush the dog family disappeared into the house.

"Now, they'll shriek," said the proud proprietor. "They hate Mr. Bowser because he's a cat—or he might be a rabbit. You wait."

But dead silence reigned in the house. Billy, creeping after his dogs to learn the reason for it, suddenly turned and waved frantically. "Come quick, cousin! Oh, do! Get down on your hands and creep, or they'll see you."

Nothing in Cousin Adelaide's life had astonished her so much as to find herself obediently crawling along in her best white embroidered dress; but there was something magnetic about Billy. Inside the hall she saw the cat—or it might have been a rabbit. Doll was holding its head and the Boarder was holding its tail. Suddenly and sure enough it squeaked! The dogs stood still in amazement. Then the Boarder gently pulled the tail of Mr. Bowser again, and Billy chuckled. Cousin Adelaide found herself laughing contagiously, or did Billy boy really make her feel younger and gayer?

"Mr. Bowser may be tired," he announced, bouncing into the fray and seizing the trophy from its captors. But it was the stately Cousin Adelaide that put it safely on the high shelf by the clock and then returned of her own accord to Billy's society on the veranda. "I think the Boarder should have a more stay-for-ever name," he observed; "don't you, cousin?"

"Is Mr. Bowser a rabbit or a cat?" demanded Cousin Adelaide.

"Cat," Billy replied firmly. "Then why don't you change his name? There is a lovely cat called Hidigeigei in a German book!"

"Oh, but that name would do for the Boarder! It's so important!"

"But it's a cat's name!" "Boarder wouldn't ever know that, and I like it," Billy rushed off to impress on the Boarder that his name was changed to Hidigeigei.

Nan brought her sewing and sat down by Cousin Adelaide. "I wish we had something nice to do tomorrow," she observed, and Mrs. Addington, who had come out to gather in Billy, turned suddenly.

"Why, you have, Nan," she said, "only I forgot to tell you. You are going sailing with Dick and Frank Allen. They came this afternoon to ask you."

"What? But I never saw them." "You were picking peas, and Dick wouldn't wait. He was afraid of being thanked for gathering the strawberries." Mrs. Addington smiled.

But Nan cast down her sewing. "Mother, I can't go," she lamented. "Tomorrow will be my last violin lesson. O mummy, say I may miss it? You know I'm no good, and I'll never play; and Herr Schneider despises my efforts."

"He told me you had no talent for it, certainly," her mother said with a rueful smile. "I'll see, Nan. But I think you can go with the boys."

Nan slipped off to find Lil. Billy, totally forgotten where he was sitting with a picture book, under orders to "cool off," was suddenly horrified. Cousin Adelaide was saying that it was a pity for Nan to go sailing and break into her violin hour, even if it was her last lesson! Sailing was the one thing Nan loved, Billy was thinking, and Cousin Adelaide wanted her to stay at home just because that old Herr Schneider was coming!

"Nan is such a tomboy," Cousin Adelaide said slowly. "You let her run too wild, Mary."

"I ran wild when I was a girl," Mrs. Addington retorted, "and it did me no harm."

"Oh, you—yes!" exclaimed Cousin Adelaide deprecatingly. "But Nan is different."

Mrs. Addington shook her head. Billy, with his eyes on his book, never saw her and thought that his mother had not answered Cousin Adelaide. Deep in his little boy's mind he feared horribly that Nan was going to be prevented from going sailing. And Billy did love Nan. As Nan was putting him to bed that night he hugged her hard. "I want you to go sailing, Nannie."

"Yes, dear, I'm going, unless Herr Schneider comes before I get off. Would you like to come too, Billy? I know the boys wouldn't mind, if mother's willing."

"No, thank you, I must stay at home," Billy replied politely. "I have 'portant business to attend to."

Nan smiled and tucked him in. She asked after the Boarder's health and was told to speak of Hidigeigei, not the Boarder. As she went off to her own room Billy was thoughtful for the one minute and a half that elapsed before he fell asleep.

In the morning Rose was cross. She had a toothache and knew that the offending tooth should come out, but she did not want to go to the dentist. It was baking day, and she had all the bread on her hands besides some ironing that should have been done the day before. She glanced with pride at a beefsteak pie on the kitchen table; she saw with pride



Nan had no thought of Rose as she bore her heavy loot down to the shore

the luscious lemon layer cake that stood beside it, all ready for the midday dinner. "And I can't eat a bit of it for this plaguety tooth," she muttered as she turned and plunged her hands into the half-made bread.

It was no propitious moment for Nan to burst into the kitchen and demand food to take out sailing with the boys. Rose refused bluntly to give her any and added that she didn't approve of picnics and that Miss Lil would be all tired out.

"Well!" said Nan indignantly. She glanced at the unpleasant back that Rose had turned on her and, making a flying swoop on the kitchen table, was gone with Rose's meat pie in one hand and her layer cake in the other.

"Give 'em back this minute!" Rose shrieked after her. "You can't have 'em. You—" But Nan, flying down the garden path with the family dinner, was out of hearing. "My land," said Rose weakly and, seating herself in the nearest chair, clapped one hand to her cheek and began to laugh; her plunge after Nan had broken the gumbail that was the cause of all her pain. In spite of the lost dinner she felt rather grateful to Nan as she "bounced up" a dish of hot biscuit and heated some cold chicken.

Nan had no thought of Rose as she bore her heavy loot down to the shore, where Lil, immaculate in blue cotton and a wide-brimmed hat, was standing.

"Well," said Lil despairingly, "you're a sight!"

The gravy of the stolen pie had run down the front of Nan's skirt; her unruly hair was

on end, and her hat was hanging down her back. That hat was a bone of contention between the two in any case; it had cost five cents and was trimmed with red muslin and strings to tie under Nan's chin. No other such hat had ever been seen, and Nan adored it. Lil, however, detested it and said so frankly. "That hat," she groaned, "and, oh, stand still, Nan, till I get some of the gravy off! You're dreadful."

"Oh, never mind; we can't both look nice. But anyway we'll not go hungry, and I've got off before Herr Schneider could come," she added with satisfaction. "Here's the cutter! Hop into the boat and help me pull her out to the buoy."

The fastidious Lil glanced from her clean dress to the wet rope; but she pulled energetically when she did pull. The boys tacked over to them on a short leg and came about just by the boat, and when the cutter was near enough Lil jumped on board. Nan handed over her plunder, made a flying leap for the cutter and, falling short as the larger boat was gathering way, landed with one foot square on the lemon layer cake. Loud cheers greeted the exploit; and then the boys jeered and said Nan had done it on purpose to be able to eat most of the cake herself.

"Want to steer, Nan?" Dick Allen asked as he helped Lil to the best seat and gave her a cushion. The boys admired Lil immensely,

"She can't have a lesson because she has gone off in a boat—a ship." Billy was infuriated.

But Herr Schneider was dense. "She waits for her last lesson," he said.

Billy gazed at him, desperate. Nan might have gone, and she might not; and Cousin Adelaide—"Well, come along then and look for her," said the trembling Billy. "Come. Hidigeigei!" he added to the ever-present Boarder.

"Why do you call a dog Hidigeigei? It is a cat's name," panted Herr Schneider. "A most lovely, ever-to-be-admired cat."

It was the last straw. "It's a dog's name now," said Billy and turned Herr Schneider sharply along the path that led past the back of the house to the stable. "In here," he commanded, pushing open the door of the harness room.

"In, you say, little boy?" Herr Schneider wiped his brow. "Ach, Miss Nan is here, no doubt! Is it not so?"

Billy banged the door on him for answer, bolted it and sat down outside to wait. It would not be for long; as soon as he saw the Phantom's sails out in the bay he would know that Nan was safely on board; then he would let Herr Schneider out. But at an unexpected, joyful yell behind him he turned his head.

"Billy!" Tommy Yelverton's voice was the voice of joyful frenzy. "Say, I've got a new boat! It goes by steam; come on down to the duck pond and try it."

"I'll be back in a minute," Billy yelled casually to the unseen Herr Schneider and was off like a streak. And the wretched Herr Schneider sat down on a hard chair in the harness room, a somewhat dark apartment with no window, and waited for his pupil, whom that so strange little boy had probably gone to bring.

It was half an hour afterwards when Cousin Adelaide suddenly appeared on the veranda. "Some one," she said, "is howling! Can it be one of Billy's dogs? Could they have got hurt?"

Mrs. Addington looked up from her mending. "It's more probably Billy and Tommy Yelverton being Indians," she said carelessly.

"No, listen!" Cousin Adelaide stood rigid. "It's somebody in trouble."

Far away and muffled rose appalling yells and then bangs; then more yells, mixed with strange exclamations.

"It sounds like a lunatic," Cousin Adelaide was pale.

"It sounds like Herr Schneider—only I sent Wood into the village in the wagon to stop him coming," gasped Mrs. Addington. "Has Wood come back?"

But a fearful howl brought her to her feet and sent her flying toward the noise and the stable.

"It's some one being killed," cried Cousin Adelaide, trailing after her.

But a panting, red-faced Billy stopped both ladies. "I'm afraid—fraid to let him out," he cried and danced round his mother in anguish. "He's making such a noise in there. O mummy, don't go near! He'll kill you. I'm 'fraid he's turned into something else from Herr Schneider. I only locked him in and then forgot him."

"Where is he?" his mother demanded. "In the harness room; there's a chair, mother!"

"Why, Billy Addington, what have you been doing?"

But Mrs. Addington's words were drowned in a torrent of wails and yelps from the prisoner. Awful German words that, fortunately, she did not understand were hurled at her as she unfastened the bolted door, and with the speed of a rifle bullet Herr Schneider shot forth, gesticulating and grasping a stick. His head was down, and he all but knocked over Cousin Adelaide and butted into old Wood, who had just arrived and descended from his empty wagon.

"I will give you any dollars you like, man," roared Herr Schneider, "to drive me away from this place of crazies!" He climbed wildly into Wood's wagon and collapsed in a hunched-up heap on the floor of it.

"What is the matter?" Mrs. Addington tried helplessly to get at the meaning of it all. "Herr Schneider, what happened to you? I sent Wood in to tell you not to come today—that my daughter would not have a lesson. I never dreamed you had got here."

But Herr Schneider would not be pacified. "No, no; you did not send," he roared. "I walk out, and the little boy, he lock me in. He is a most bad, a most abominable little boy."

"You're crazy," burst in Wood, who adored Billy. "You get out of my wagon."

"Oh, just wait, Wood!" Mrs. Addington laid a hand on Herr Schneider's arm. "Won't you listen to me?" she pleaded. "It is all a

but Nan was just one of themselves; she never needed help, and they would no more have offered her a cushion than they would have offered one to another boy.

Nan took the tiller. Dick Allen sat with the sheet in his hand, and the Marsh boys lay ready by the jib, for the wind was against the old Phantom, which was the name of what once had been a smart two-ton cutter, and they had to tack till they rounded the point of the bay. Frank Allen produced a pocketful of green apples, which all the crew accepted.

"Johnny Jones and his sister Sue bit a peach of an emerald hue," said Nan, throwing her apple overboard. "Boys, your apples are awful, but they're better than having to sit at home with Herr Schneider!"

She was not troubled with wondering what had made that punctual gentleman so late, but Billy might have told her. After breakfast he had withdrawn to a seat by the front gate; he was full of alarm lest Nan might miss her sail, which was part of the "portant business" he had mentioned to her. If Herr Schneider arrived before Nan started, Billy was sure that Cousin Adelaide's counsels would prevail and his mother would keep poor Nan at home.

"I'm awful 'fraid of him," he thought gloomily. "But—oh, here he is!" as a small and stout gentleman appeared up the road. "There isn't any lesson," Billy blurted fiercely. "Nan has gone out—out for the day."

Herr Schneider stopped by the gate. "Ach, no, little boy," he replied scornfully. "That is not so. She waits for her lesson."

mistake, a dreadful mistake. Please come to the house and let me explain it to you; you really must, Herr Schneider."

The music teacher got out of the wagon and looked furiously round him, but Mrs. Addington's gentle voice had appeased him none the less. "I feel as if I had been in an asylum, the one where you put the people who have no sense!" he exclaimed, and Mrs. Addington turned to Billy.

"Cousin Adelaide said," replied Billy, and tears smudged his crimson face, "she said Nan ought to stay for her lesson, and he did come before Nan started. That's why I locked him in the harness room. And I forgot him. Oh, don't be cross. I meant to let him out quick, but we went to sail Tommy's new boat, and I forgot him!"

"But, Billy, dear, it was dreadfully wrong to lock him in at all."

"You can't feel more worse than I do," gasped Billy.

His mother understood why he had done it; his mother always understood; but Cousin

Adelaide's cold gaze made him shiver. "Of course Billy will apologize at once," she remarked stiffly and led the music teacher off to the veranda, where curiously enough he soon found himself sufficiently appeased to accept a cup of coffee and to talk to Cousin Adelaide, who he said was an exceptionally cultivated lady.

Billy went bravely up to the pair and begged the poor victim's pardon most humbly. Much mollified, Herr Schneider arose, made low bows to the ladies and departed.

Cousin Adelaide gazed after him and was what Nan called "as stiff as she could be." "Really, Mary," she said to Mrs. Addington in her coldest voice, "I can't consider that it was all a misfortune to lose that man's tuition. His language in the harness room and coming out of it was not that of a preceptor of girls. I—" She stopped suddenly and, gathering Billy into her arms, kissed him. "O Mary," she said helplessly and then, breaking down completely, began to laugh like a girl.

TO BE CONTINUED.



POT ROAST



By
Anna
Brownell
Dunaway

WITH slight misgivings and a preliminary clearing of the throat Mr. Poucher voiced the announcement that fell like a bomb on the ears of the assembled family: "I invited Dan Adair and his wife to take supper with us tomorrow night. Dan's in the city on business, and he brought his wife along."

"Pa, you never!" exclaimed Mrs. Poucher; her ruddy face became slightly pale. "My land—"

"They're stopping at the Baron House," continued Mr. Poucher, "and I take it they'd like to see old friends."

"But, pa,"—Evy raised her fork in protest,—the very idea! The Adairs are rich. He's the president of a bank. We can't entertain them in the style they're used to. And tomorrow night—O pa!"

"Did I say tomorrow night?" inquired Mr. Poucher with the air of one offering a crumb of comfort. "Well, now, I meant Wednesday night; seems they have an invitation for tomorrow. So you've got an extra day to fix up in. What's the idea of being all upset that way? Didn't we use to live neighbors? Didn't the Adair farm and father's join each other? We were boys together, me and Dan."

"I wonder he said he'd come at all," said Mrs. Poucher in a funeral voice. "Think what he's got—cars, houses, what not!"

"It ain't what a body has, but what he is," observed Mr. Poucher sagely. "Some people have success one way, and some another. Dan's been lucky. Seems like everything he touched turned to gold. But he hasn't any family to help him enjoy it. I'd rather have Evy and Sammy here than all his money."

"Good for you, pa," Sammy said.

"I'm all of a tremble," declared Mrs. Poucher, "having rich folks drop down on me this way. Now I'll have to clean the house tomorrow inside and out. And, Evy, you'll have to stay out of school Wednesday to help me fix up a stylish supper. And what," she demanded tragically, "is a body to have?"

"Why not fish balls?" suggested Mr. Poucher. "What's better eating than codfish—"

"Pa Poucher!" Evy fixed scandalized blue eyes on her father. She knew what was what; she was very popular in the younger set of Elm Creek. When she said "Pa Poucher!" it meant that she had reached the limit of endurance.

"Better keep out of it, dad," Sammy warned his father. Sammy knew the signs.

"There's nothing wrong with fish balls as I can see," insisted Mr. Poucher aggrievedly. "And your ma's a master hand at 'em."

"When it comes to a plain dinner," said Mrs. Poucher, slightly mollified, "I take second to none."

"Best cook in the country," declared her husband.

"Be that as it may," Mrs. Poucher said briskly, "we've got to put our best foot forward. We've got to outdo ourselves with this supper, since pa has gone so far as to ask 'em."

"It's more stylish to call it dinner, ma," Evy enlightened her. "And when you invite them out be sure and say, 'Dinner is served.' We'll have to have flowers," she continued, wrinkling her brows thoughtfully, "and we'd better get Mrs. Spink to stay in the kitchen and wait on the table."

"Mebbe so," assented Mrs. Poucher doubtfully. "I'm that rattled I can't think. Get out the cookbooks, Evy, and see what a body ought to have for a fashionable dinner."

"Here's one with nine courses," Evy read with fine disregard of French pronunciation: "'Con-som—bull-y-on—'"

"Sounds like swearing," said Sammy, chortling.

"'Fruit cocktail,'" Evy continued.

Mrs. Poucher set her lips firmly. "Not a cocktail, Evy—not one."

"All right, ma. Let's see, where was I? 'Blue points in shells—'"

"How's a body to eat 'em?" Mr. Poucher interrupted her disgustedly.

"Maybe they eat 'em shell and all," suggested Sammy.

Evy read on: "'Tomato b-b-bisque—whatever that means.'"

"Basque maybe," suggested Mrs. Poucher. "Do tell! Whoever heard of such outlandish dishes. And I wouldn't know how to fix them any more than the man in the moon."

"'Pury of lamb,'" continued Evy; "'tomato rabbit—'"

"Plumb out of season," declared Mrs. Poucher, "seen' as this month hasn't got an 'r' in it. Read on, Evy. Mebbe you will come to something we can fix."

"'Lobster can-apes—'"

"Apes?" repeated Mr. Poucher incredulously and cupped a huge hand behind his ear.

"'Fruit plucked from branches,'" Evy went on.

"Where else could it be plucked from?" demanded Mr. Poucher. "Tree trunks?"

"Now we're coming to it," Evy said exultantly. "Listen to this! 'Heavenly hash—'"

"O boy!" exclaimed Sammy.

Mr. Poucher chuckled appreciatively. "Now you're coming, Evy. Hash is some dish, I want to tell you!"

Evy explained with condescension: "It isn't that kind of hash, pa. It's in the ninth course; it's dessert. And here's some more: 'Coffee frap—'"

"Go find another menu," said Mrs. Poucher. "That one is too high-toned by far. I've got to cook what I'm used to. When all's said and done there's nothing much better than good plain chicken. And I 'low I'll have that—fried."

"Not plain chicken, ma," objected Evy. "Fix it up some way with mushrooms. Here's one, 'chicken à la King. That sounds stylish.'"

"We-ell," Mrs. Poucher agreed doubtfully, "I might." The troubled frown deepened in her forehead. "Let's see, I'll have to bake a cake—angel food it ought to be—and clean the silverware and get out the moss-rose tea set. Dear knows what I'll do for salad, Evy, won't some kind of fruit do for dessert?"

"It'll have to be ice or ice cream, ma," Evy decided with finality. "We can borrow Mrs. Pratt's sherbet glasses. And there'll have to be some entries, you know, olives, nuts, bonbons. And at the very last, demi-demi—oh, yes, here it is—demi-tasse."

Mr. Poucher regarded his wife thoughtfully. "If I remember rightly," he said, "Dan used to be a powerful hand for pot roast."

"Pa Poucher!"

At Evy's shocked protest Mr. Poucher left the room hastily.

By the following afternoon the house was in shining, not to say rigid, order. Mrs. Poucher had cleaned and brightened and polished till things almost gave back their own reflection. At five o'clock, tired but victorious, Mrs. Poucher slipped into a clean gray percale dress and set about getting supper. "What's worrying me, Evy," she observed as she rolled out the crust for a green-apple pie, "is how I'm going to cook supper tomorrow night in my best black silk. I'm sure to spill something on it. And there's pa—he'll have to leave the creamery early and change into his Sunday suit. I feel for all the world as if we were fixing for a funeral. Sammy'll have to put on his best clothes—you home already, Sammy?"

"Good night, ma," groaned Sammy, reaching into the pan of quartered apples; "you don't mean to say I've got to doll up!"

"You've got to put on your Sunday suit, Sammy Poucher. And let those apples alone if you want any pie for supper, young man. Evy, heat up the oven and pop the light rolls in. Pa will be here any minute now."

"What's on the bill of fare, ma," asked Sammy, sniffing. "Smells like a good old pot roast."

"It is pot roast," replied Mrs. Poucher. "There's somebody on the porch now; it must be pa. No, it ain't. He'd never ring the bell. Go to the door, Evy, and if it's an agent—"

Evy, smoothing her gingham school frock, hurried through the hall and threw open the door.

Mrs. Poucher, who was testing the oven with a floury hand, had a fleeting glimpse of a well-dressed stranger. "Tell him we don't want anything, Evy," she called. "We've got soap and furniture polish—"

"Why, ma, that's the Adairs!" Mr. Poucher had entered the back way and was peering down the hall in astonishment. "Must be they

Mrs. Poucher . . . had a fleeting glimpse of a well-dressed stranger



were passing and stopped in for a how-dy-do. I call that real clever of Dan." He hurried forward.

Evy, quite speechless, but mindful of certain rules of etiquette, was ushering into the hall a faultlessly gowned lady and a smiling, well-groomed gentleman.

Mrs. Poucher, dumfounded, had a sudden flash of insight. "It's what Evy calls a party call," she thought, dusting off her hands hurriedly. "But I must say it ain't no time at all to come, and me with a pie in the oven."

She hastened forward with a welcoming smile, but Mr. Poucher's words made her feel cold all over. "Evy," he was saying hospitably, "take Mrs. Adair's things. We won't have no for an answer. You'll have to take potluck with us. Well, Dan, you old rascal, how are you anyhow? You remember the missis, I reckon—"

"Do I?" Mr. Adair grasped Mrs. Poucher's hands and shook them up and down boyishly. "I'll say I do! Finest-looking girl in the country, Dave, back in the old days. Nancy,"—he turned to his wife,—red-cheeked as ever, eh? Hasn't aged a day. No, sir-ee!"

Mrs. Poucher all but fainted. For Mrs. Adair with a smile that was almost girlish was calmly removing her wraps; she was actually going to accept the offhand invitation. "I—oh—ah—ee," Mrs. Poucher said and gulped. Everything seemed to be spinning. The faint odor of burning pie crust saved her. Then she took herself in hand firmly. She turned serenely to Evy. "Take them right into the parlor, Evy. Mrs. Adair, just make yourself to home. There's the album and the views. It's good to see old friends like this. If you'll excuse me just a minute—"

She had escaped to the kitchen. Grabbing a towel, she snatched out the pie that was threatening to blacken along the edges. With the eye of a general gathering his forces she looked at the supper table set with its coarse though fresh and clean white cloth. Her glance swept the everyday china, the blue bowl of rhubarb sauce, the pickle dish filled with chowchow, the smearcase and—oh, crowning crime of all!—the platter waiting to receive the ignominious pot roast.

Mrs. Poucher set her mouth firmly. "I'll not give them a mite of apology," she said to herself.

Although Mrs. Poucher was not versed in the ways of French chefs, she was a thoroughbred. She lifted out the pot roast, dripping in its rich brown juices; she made the gravy; she broke apart the light rolls and



"Promise me, Dave, that when we come again you'll have —" He whispered in his host's ear

stacked them in a fluffy pyramid. What was it Evy had said about announcing dinner? Mrs. Poucher pressed a shaking hand to her forehead. Gone—well, never mind. What did it matter? What did anything matter—

She advanced to the parlor door smilingly. Evy's blue eyes showed horror as they met her mother's. But Mrs. Poucher's calm gaze was reassuring. "Will you step out to supper?" she invited them with old-fashioned courtesy.

"I'll say we will," replied Mr. Adair, laughing. "Nancy," he nudged his wife boyishly,—"if you ever ate good cooking—"

"Best cook in the country," declared Mr. Poucher with inordinate pride.

"Mrs. Poucher, allow me." With an old-time gallant bow Mr. Adair presented his arm, and, looking back, flushed and breathless, Mrs. Poucher saw the stately Mrs. Adair resting her diamond-ringed hand on Mr. Poucher's everyday coat sleeve. Evy and Sammy, laughing and talking, followed in the wake of the merry procession.

It was a jolly supper—or dinner, which you will. Mrs. Poucher, true to her determination, uttered no excusing word. Nor was there any need. The praise of the homely viands was like incense burning to her household gods.

"How did you know I like pot roast?" demanded Mr. Adair. "And, Nancy, think of it, smearcase!"

"It's just too good," declared Mrs. Adair. "Mother used to cook meat this way, roast it down in a big black iron pot. O Dan, doesn't it all take you back—back home? There were so many of us, and we had such good times!" Her gaze rested for a moment wistfully on Sammy and Evy.

"Why, they're just as plain as can be," thought Evy. In the circumstances she was glad that her mother had not prepared chicken à la King.

Mrs. Poucher, flushed with triumph, had sundry misgivings after she had passed the apple pie. To serve pie for company supper! If she had only known! Fruit would have been preferable, fruit and cookies. But there had been no time—

"Might I?" Mr. Adair's voice broke in on her reverie. "Mrs. Poucher, I haven't eaten such pie since I was a boy. I'd like to ask for a second helping, but Nancy is bearing down on my foot under the table."

Then they all laughed. The last bit of ice had melted. Mrs. Poucher was carried back to the old days when she and Nancy Adair had picked daisies together in the meadows. They were now, as then, Nancy and Jennie, and Nancy was copying off the recipe for chowchow.

In the midst of the jollity the telephone rang sharply. Evy answered it. "It's somebody for Mr. Adair," she announced.

"For me?" Mr. Adair rose from the table. "Some business matter, I suppose. Excuse me."

Evy handed him the receiver. "Yes—yes, this is Mr. Adair.—What's that, Barton?—Are we coming?—Why, not tonight. It was for tomorrow night wasn't it, Wednesday?—What, Tuesday, did you say? Why, now I was thinking all the time you asked us for Wednesday. I know I put it down for Wednesday in my notebook.—Well, well, is that so? We're dining with the Pouchers tonight. Must have got the dates mixed up—terribly sorry, Barton." He hung up the receiver and looked at the others in the sheepish manner of a little boy caught in a misdemeanor. Taking a notebook from his pocket he scrutinized it quickly. "Barton must be in the right of it," he said, "but I have it down in my notebook just as I thought: 'Tuesday, 10th, dinner at Pouchers'. Wednesday, 11th, dinner at Bartons'."

"Dan," exclaimed Mrs. Adair reproachfully, "you've put it down that way subconsciously! You didn't want to go to the Bartons'; you told me so. You said it would be dull, stately, and all that. And you did want to come here."

"It's a case of psychanalysis, I guess," said Mr. Adair, laughing, "of me and my mind, as the men of science say. You've hit the nail exactly, Nancy."

"And we came in on you unceremoniously like this," Mrs. Adair said self-reproachfully. "You weren't looking for us at all, were you?"

"Why, no," Mrs. Poucher admitted. "We were planning for a big supper tomorrow night. But it's all right anyway as long as you are satisfied."

"Are we!" exclaimed Mr. Adair fervently. "We surely are. We haven't enjoyed a meal like this for twenty years. Promise me, Dave, that when we come again you'll have—" He whispered in his host's ear mysteriously. "It's a weakness of mine."

"Why, they're not a bit uppity," Evy said

wonderingly when the guests had gone. "They don't act a mite aristocratic."

"That's cause they're real aristocrats," replied Mr. Poucher, beaming. "As I've told you, Evy, it ain't what you have, but what you are."

"I'll take off my hat to 'em," said Sammy. "What was that he whispered to you,

David?" asked Mrs. Poucher in ill-concealed delight. "What's he want when he comes again?"

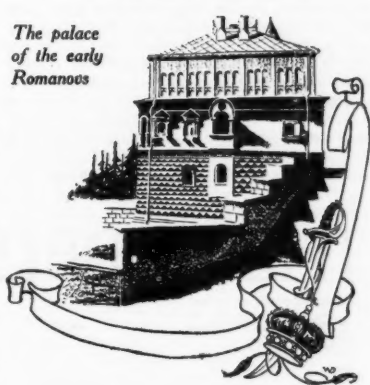
"Pot roast," replied her husband.

"You could knock me over with a feather duster!" exclaimed Mrs. Poucher. "All I have to say is, Evy, the folks that wrote those cookbooks put in things that are misleading."

THE HOUSE OF ROMANOV

By Wilbur C. Abbott

The palace of the early Romanovs



THE 21st of February, 1613, was an extraordinary day in the history of Russia. On the morning of that day a great crowd of people of every rank and station assembled in the Red Square of Moscow to hear the spokesman for the national council, which had long been deliberating over the choice of a ruler for the disturbed country. Presently a great noble and two or three of the spiritual members of the council appeared. "Whom," they asked, "will you have for czar?" The question was hardly finished when a great shout went up: "Michael Theodorovich! (Michael, the son of Theodore!)" Let him be the czar-gosudar of the realm of Muscovy and the whole state of Russia!

In that fashion the house of Romanov came to the imperial throne. The event suggests the time when warriors elected their chiefs and tossed them up on their shields.

Yet that extraordinary scene was no more remarkable than the situation that had caused it. Fifteen years earlier the Czar Theodore had died,—in the words of the sentimental chronicler, "The last flower of the land of Russia had withered away,"—and the line of Rurik, which had ruled the land for seven centuries, came to an end. The immediate result was a decade and a half of such anarchy as even the present condition of that unhappy country scarcely equals. Four usurpers successively claimed the throne; the land swarmed with robber bands; and for the last three years of that "period of troubles" there was no ruler at all. The Swedes and the Poles took advantage of the situation to extend their borders at the expense of Russia. Sweden occupied the ancient city of Novgorod; Poland occupied Smolensk, and a Polish force actually burned the greater part of the capital of Moscow and entrenched itself in what remained of the Kremlin. The chief leaders of the people were a Novgorod butcher named Minin, certain clergy of the Troitsk monastery, and the Cossacks under the command of Prince Trubetskoi. It was the Cossacks that finally compelled the Poles to surrender.

After that event a national council of nobles and clergy gathered and deliberated and sent messengers throughout Russia to learn the opinion of the people regarding a ruler. Finally the council chose Michael Romanov as czar, and the Moscow crowd confirmed their choice. There were two peculiarities about the choice. First, the newly chosen czar was an unknown boy of sixteen years; and, second, no one knew where he was; it was not in fact until after a month's search that he was found in a monastery under the guardianship of his mother. Neither of them was willing to accept the honor thus thrust upon him, and for six hours the emissaries of the council pleaded, and they won their point only when they declared that, "if he persisted in his refusal, they would hold him responsible to God for the utter destruction of Muscovy." Thus invoked in the name of religion and of patriotism, he finally agreed to go to Moscow and take up his undesired crown. In that way the house of Romanov began.

The Romanovs were an ancient family whose early history is involved in obscurity,

though tradition ascribes the origin of the house to Prussia—not the German Prussia of modern times, but the old Slavic Prussia. For centuries the family, like other princely or noble families, had lived on its estates. More recently it had risen to eminence; the first of the seven wives of Ivan the Terrible, the founder of Muscovite greatness, was a Romanov, and his ablest general was Michael's grandfather. Michael's father, the Archbishop Philaret, was a national hero and might have become czar had he not been a churchman. One of Michael's chief claims to the throne was that he was a nephew of the late Czar Theodore. Moreover, the Romanovs had been conspicuous for their virtues as well as for their ability; and the people demanded a Romanov for czar as much on the strength of the reputation of the house as on its eminence.

But it was a terrible task that was thus thrust upon the young czar. As he rode to Moscow he saw on every hand the ravages of the Tartars and the Cossacks, who had robbed and murdered even within the gates of the capital. His subjects were the most backward of any people who called themselves European, and most Western nations did not recognize them as Europeans at all. The power of the crown was by no means well established or even well defined; for the struggle over the succession had shaken it, and, moreover, the influence of the great nobles, the princes and the church authorities limited the activities of a sovereign.

THE TARTARS ARRIVE

What we know today as Russia indeed did not exist then. Seven hundred years earlier, while the Norsemen were busy in western Europe, founding dukedoms and principalities like that of Normandy under Rollo, their neighbors, the Swedes, had invaded the lands to the southeast of them and there had established states, of which Novgorod was the most important. Thereafter various cities—Pskov, Kiev, Smolensk and Moscow among others—sprang up as the capitals of petty states that were chiefly concerned with wars with one another. Finally in the thirteenth century the Mongols, or Tartars, swept across the steppe region on the south and, establishing there the power of their "great horde," destroyed the city of Kiev and laid its rivals under tribute. For two hundred years and longer they dominated the Russian states till at the close of the fifteenth century Ivan the Terrible raised his duchy of Moscow, or Muscovy, to such power as to defy the Tartars and conquer Novgorod, Tver and Vyatka. He married the niece of the last of the Byzantine emperors and converted his people to Greek Christianity. And so at about the time of the discovery of America he established the state that we have come to call Russia.

Enemies surrounded Russia. On the west the warlike Lithuanians and the Poles, with whom they were united during the sixteenth century, strove to enlarge their borders at the expense of Russia. On the north in the same period Sweden, which was growing in power under the house of Vasa, aspired to press forward from its possession of Finland and make the Baltic Sea a Swedish lake. On the south the remnants of the Tartar power, the khanate of the Crimea and of Astrakhan limited its boundaries. And still beyond the Tartars the on-coming hordes of the Turks threatened all of eastern Europe. Thus Muscovy, even before the death of Theodore and the "Period of Troubles," when it seemed that it would fall before its enemies, and in spite of its advance during the sixteenth century, was hard put to it to maintain its independence.

In the same way in which the house of Hapsburg had provided unity and a measure of peace and government for the Germans, the house of Romanov, succeeding the house of Rurik, rendered the same service to the Slavs. But the problem was far different from the problem that had confronted the

German rulers. The Romanovs had succeeded to a strange and perilous inheritance—a huge, unformed stretch of territory composed of different states and peoples and for the most part inhabited by peasants who lived in their village communities, or mirs, and held their land in common according to a custom that had vanished in western Europe centuries before. Above the peasants and holding them in a state of serfdom that in many cases was little better than slavery was a numerous proud, rich, ignorant nobility of princely and boyar families, who were little acquainted with European civilization as we know it and little inclined to recognize any obligation to the state. To defend the country against its warlike neighbors and to mould out of its diverse elements a powerful, centralized European state was a task from which any man might have shrunk.

THE COSSACKS SUBMIT

To it Michael and his son Alexis set themselves during the seventeenth century; and while America was being settled, while the Thirty Years' War was being fought in Germany and the Civil War was going on in England, while Richelieu and Louis XIV were building up the absolute monarchy of the Bourbons in France, those early Romanovs were laying the foundations of the power of their house and of modern Russia. Michael contributed chiefly by establishing the authority of the crown and bringing order out of chaos; he devoted the thirty years of his reign to restoring Muscovy to something like an organized state. Alexis continued and extended the activities of his father. He had the laws codified and the texts of the Scriptures revised—an act that gave church and state sounder bases for their work. He reorganized the administration. From the Poles he reconquered the district known as Little Russia; he recovered Smolensk and Kiev; and he accepted the submission of the Cossacks to the authority of the crown.

Having the Cossacks under the crown was important in many ways, for they were of great value in the growth of Russia; they were the outposts of the empire. When the Tartar power had begun to wane the sturdy, hard-fighting Cossacks had pushed southward to settle along the river Don. They were virtually freemen and elected their own leaders, or hetmans; they waged almost continual war and gradually won more and more territory. Toward the end of the sixteenth century one of them, Yermak, led a band of his "free companions" to the headwaters of the Volga to secure land there for their employers, the great trading house of Stroganov. Thence Yermak pushed forward into Siberia and began the Russian advance into Asia, which coincided with the rule of the Romanovs. But the Cossacks were unruly people; they waged war no less with the Poles and even with the Russians than with the Tartars and the Turks. Even after they had accepted the suzerainty of the czar they rebelled or joined his enemies from time to time during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries until they finally accepted the situation and in the nineteenth century became one of the greatest sources of strength to the monarchy.

But Russia under Alexis was scarcely yet a European power. An English ambassador describes the court of Alexis as presenting a scene not to be matched in any Western power; it was more like the court of one of the great monarchs of Asia. The czar sat on his throne of "massy silver" and wore his crown "quite covered with precious stones" over a cap of black sable; his sceptre, his collar and his "vest" glittered with jewels; and his chief nobles were clothed from head to foot in white ermine. The two hundred boyars who sat about the hall were dressed in cloth of gold or silver or in velvet that blazed with jewels. It all seemed Oriental rather than European.

It was only with the accession of Alexis's son Peter in the year 1689 that the Europeanizing of Russia began. He is the greatest of the Romanovs, and no character in modern European history is more extraordinary. When he had been czar for eight years and had somewhat restored order in the kingdom, which had been greatly disturbed after his father's death, he set out on his travels—the strangest journey that any prince ever undertook of his own motion. He went first to Holland, where, under the name of Peter Mikhailov, he worked in the shipyards of Saardam. Thence he went to England, where he labored again in the shipyards. From England he proceeded to Vienna in his proper character of czar; and he was about to go to Venice when news of a revolt of the *Streltsi*, or household guard, called him home.

Returning to Russia, accompanied by various men, chiefly English and Dutch sailors, shipwrights, soldiers and engineers, he began to put into effect the lessons that he had learned. He reorganized the army after the fashion of the West; he abolished the so-called patriarchate, or headship of the church, because it was too independent of the crown; he compelled the nobles to enter the service of the state and based nobility on that service. He even turned his attention to the lesser customs of his people. He forced men to cut their beards or else pay a fine to the government; he forbade the wearing of the long Oriental caftan, or cloak, and forced his nobles to adopt the dress and even the wig, or peruke, that were then fashionable in western Europe. He established "assemblies," or receptions, where men and women mingled in society as elsewhere in Europe; in Russia they had been kept separate after the Eastern fashion.

Naturally in all of his reforms the conservative nobility, who were convinced that Russia was the greatest and most advanced country in the world, opposed him; and at the same time he was obliged to contend with his enemies abroad, especially Poland and Sweden. Sweden in particular under the lead of her romantic hero king, the fifteen-year-old Charles XII, began a long and bloody struggle to prevent Russia from extending its power toward the Baltic, which Peter the Great had made the goal of his ambition. But the Swedes were not successful; Peter, who was at first defeated, finally fought his way to the sea and founded there a new capital, St. Petersburg—"an eye," as he said, "to look out over Europe." He subdued the Cossacks; he captured Baku and gave his country an outlet on the Caspian Sea; and when he died at the age of fifty-three years he had set Russia on the way that it was to follow from his day to our own.

CATHERINE II

But the path toward European customs and empire was long and hard. Peter the Great had no capable successors of his own blood. To the throne came first his wife Catherine, then his grandson, the twelve-year-old Peter II, then his niece Anna, then her great-nephew Ivan VI, then Peter's daughter Elizabeth and then her nephew and adopted heir, Peter, Duke of Holstein; and all came within about the same length of time as Peter the Great's rule had covered. But none of them was a ruler of great character or ability. For the most part favorites governed them; the will of the sovereign determined the succession, and revolution not without suspicion of murder often altered it. Russia seemed little more than an Oriental despotism governed, like Turkey, by palace intrigues.

Nevertheless, in spite of incompetent rulers, the impetus toward expansion and Europeanization was not lost. Russian influence was established in the declining kingdom of Poland; Russian armies took part in the Seven Years' War and defeated Frederick the Great of Prussia; and for the first time in history Russian troops were seen along the Rhine. Russian troops captured the port of Azov on the Black Sea, and Russian power pushed across Siberia. And the country, misgoverned and still backward and overrun by foreign adventurers, advanced in many ways—in the growth of cities and of commerce, in literature and with the founding of the first Russian universities even in education.

Things came to a head in the reign of Catherine II, the wife of Peter III. That great though bad empress was not a Romanov by blood. She was a princess of the little German house of Anhalt-Zerbst, but she identified herself thoroughly with her adopted country, and her reign is one of the great periods of its history. During her reign the partition of Poland gave Russia the greater part of Lithuania-Poland and brought it to the borders of Prussia; and two wars against the Turks and their allies the Tartars incorporated the Crimea into the empire and annexed the northern shores of the Black Sea from Azov to the Dniester River. Moreover, Catherine encouraged west-European influence in every way that she could; she brought French philosophers to the Russian court and, by favoring Western culture and customs, so carried on the work of Peter the Great.

Her son Paul, who became czar during the French Revolution, succeeded her on the throne. For that great movement of course Catherine had had no sympathy. But, though she had taken advantage of it to push forward the third and last partition of Poland, she had not come into conflict with the French. Paul, however, was drawn into the war. The Russian armies appeared in Italy and Switzerland; and with that circumstance

it may be said that Russia finally emerged as a European power. Disgusted with his allies, England and Austria, Paul contemplated making an alliance with the French, but before he could carry out his plans he was assassinated, and his son Alexander I came to the throne.

At his accession the character of the Romanovs and of their policy changed with the altered position of their country. The early heroes of the house, Michael, Alexis and especially Peter the Great, with all their enlightened characteristics had in many ways seemed more Asiatic than European, but during the eighteenth century the family had become rather German than Russian and was wholly Europeanized. During the nineteenth century that combination of east and west largely influenced the house. First Alexander, then Nicholas I, then Alexander II, Alexander III and finally Nicholas II to a degree rare among absolutist sovereigns devoted themselves to the business of government and to the good of their country as they saw it.

Alexander I, who first allied himself with Napoleon and who later became, through Napoleon's Russian expedition, the principal cause of his fall, was a liberal at the beginning of his reign. In 1815, when Russia received Finland and the greater part of Poland as its share in the settlement of Europe, the czar made Poland a constitutional monarchy under his own rule with his brother Constantine as viceroy. But two great forces that affected the Romanov fortunes were at work in Europe in 1815. The first was the spirit of nationality, the second was the spirit of democracy; and each influenced Russia. The Poles were dissatisfied with Russian rule; the liberal elements in Russia were dissatisfied with autocracy; both conspired and plotted revolution. And Alexander, who was under the influence of the great conservative Austrian statesman Metternich, stood out as the champion of absolutism.

At his death in 1825 the liberal Russian officers attempted a revolution and urged their soldiers to proclaim Constantine and a constitution, which the soldiers did, believing that the *constitution*, or constitution, was Constantine's wife! But Constantine declined the throne, the revolt was suppressed, and his brother Nicholas I came to the throne, prepared to repress all liberal movements and to revive Russian nationality. The Polish Revolution of 1830-32 was put down, and Poland was incorporated into the empire. Nicholas's plan to divide the Turkish possessions among the powers of Europe led to the Crimean War, and Russian corruption and incompetence as revealed in that struggle, it is said, led directly to his death.

His son Alexander II took up the task of reforming the condition of the peasants; and by abolishing serfdom and distributing lands among the former serfs—an act that he accomplished at the same time as the American Civil War—he laid the foundations for modern Russia. But those reforms were not enough for the liberal parties in Russia; they clamored for more. The government suppressed them, and in return they assassinated the czar. In consequence his son set himself to stamp out the new spirit, and Russia reverted again to a more absolutist form of government, in which the secret police, the sending of revolutionaries to Siberia and the repression of liberal movements were continued.

THE FALL OF THE ROMANOVS

During the last fifty years events outside its control have largely determined the situation of the house of Romanov. On the one hand it was head and part of a system of government that in large measure the ministers and a huge body of officials controlled. It ruled a vast and exceedingly miscellaneous people—newly conquered Tartars of Transcaspia and the Transcaucasian tribes, the colonists of Siberia, the mass of peasants, the workers in the new factory towns that then were rising throughout western Russia and in Russian Poland, the university students, the liberals who demanded immediate parliamentary government, the so-called Nihilists, Communists and Anarchists, who advocated the most extreme forms of "advanced" society, and the nationalists of Poland, Finland and the Baltic provinces. On the other hand Russia was involved in foreign affairs—in the affairs of western Europe; in the affairs of the Balkan Peninsula that led it into war with Turkey; and in the affairs of its increasing territories in Asia that finally brought it into war with Japan.

As a matter of fact it was the war with Japan that led to a change in autocracy,

which had seemed the only possible form of government for a state like Russia. The revolution of 1905 was a direct result of the weakness revealed in the war. Nicholas II was compelled to summon a Duma, or parliament, as the result of strikes, riots and assassinations; and from that time to the outbreak of the Great War Russia and the Romanov rulers were involved in the long and bitter conflict between the forces of order and despotism and the forces of liberalism and disorder. The late czar was not strong enough to end the struggle; perhaps no ruler could have ended it. It reached its culmination in the revolution of 1917 that finally overthrew the dynasty and made the family prisoners; and when the Bolsheviks succeeded the Kerensky government they were murdered. Thus almost precisely three centuries after its accession to the throne as the savior of Russia from anarchy the great house met its end in a period of disturbance such as the country had often witnessed.

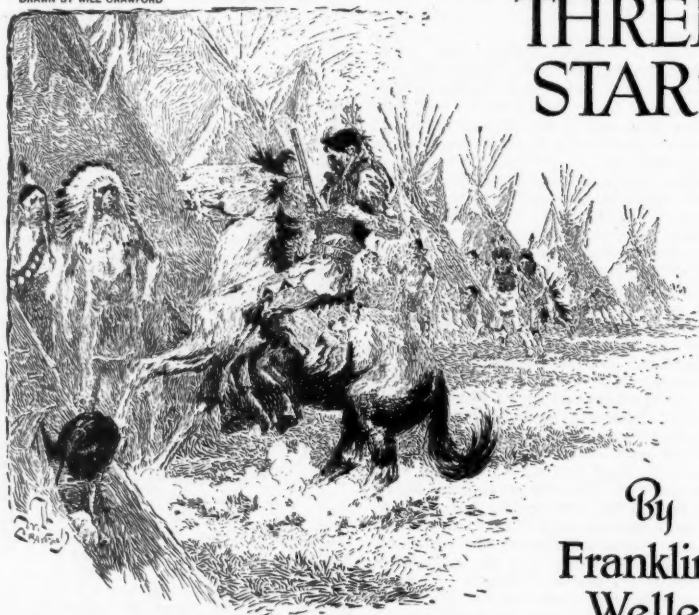
The fall of the Romanov dynasty not

only resulted in the collapse of government and the caricature of administration that the Bolsheviks substituted for it but signaled the breakdown of the whole system of business and society.

The form of government that the Romanovs represented seems to have outlived its usefulness in European affairs. It had its faults and weaknesses, great and serious, however little the Romanovs themselves were responsible for them. But perhaps the best commentary on the history of the great family is the present condition of Russia under the rule of their greatest enemies, who have put into force an absolutism that is far more ferocious and far less competent than that which they overthrew and have shown a spirit of aggression that is greater than that which formerly was attributed to the Romanovs. It is another illustration of the lesson that in these days neither the character nor the ambitions of any ruler of any family determine the destiny of a people, but that the people themselves determine it.

THE REBELLION OF *** THREE STARS

DRAWN BY WILL CRAWFORD



By
Franklin
Welles
Calkins

"He was a warrior now, . . . if he had called on them to follow, no doubt a crowd would have assembled"

THE Indian agent laughed outright at my broad smile of amusement as his interpreter rushed from the office with an order for bandages and liniment. The man's intense and working face, his rapid talk and bewildering gestures, as he had detailed the plight of Mrs. Many Dogs, an agency widow whose pony had tried to jump a barbed-wire fence and come to grief, were certainly amusing. However, remembering Mrs. Many Dogs' catastrophe, we grew sober quickly.

"Three Stars was always that way, only in his youth more so," said the agent. "Indians are naturally sympathetic, though few of them will allow anyone to suppose so. Three Stars is one of the odd ones."

"When I took charge here he was a rattle-headed boy who made a heap of trouble at the agency school, though at heart he was not considered to be a bad boy. When my attention was particularly called to him he was seventeen years old, his father had died, and he was head of his family. It came about through a hair-cut order that I had reluctantly delivered by proxy. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs had sent out on sanitary grounds a general order that all male Indians should have their hair cut in the civilized fashion."

"I had my opinion about the wisdom of such an order, but it was my duty to obey my chief, and I sent it out. Well, the 'unprogressives,' as we call the blanket Indians, took the matter bitterly to heart. There was next to open rebellion on the agency."

"My Sioux feared that police or troops would enforce our hateful order. That of course was nonsense; force of any physical sort was beyond the intent of the commissioner. But the blanket fellows were scared and indignant, and, moving their teepees, they scattered out miles away from the

agency. The men wouldn't come within miles of me or my policemen, but sent their women in to trade and draw rations. Nor could I without force have had an interview with one of the long-haired fellows."

"Young Three Stars was one of the disaffected and, as it turned out, the worst of the lot. I imagine that somehow those who took advantage of his disposition to bother him had made him believe that he was to be the first victim of the hair-cut order, and that he was to have his head shaved and to be dressed like a squaw."

"He and his mother and two young children moved into an old trapper's dugout in a coulee on Skunk Creek. There, armed with his father's repeating rifle, the boy sulked and waited to defend the honor of himself and of his family."

"So matters ran along for almost a year, and, though the hair-cut order was not obeyed, and no attempt was made to enforce it, mischief-makers among the blanket Indians kept the Three Stars family in a state of belligerence."

"When the Fourth of July came my Sioux had their annual celebration. Beginning as usual a week before the nation's birthday, they and their Omaha and Ponca visitors pitched their teepees in a big circle and in the centre built their inclosure for dancing."

"The allurements of the celebration were too many to be resisted. Though warned away by the mischief-makers, Three Stars, mounted and armed, appeared at the first dance. Nothing happened to him, and he came the next day and the next."

"On the Fourth there were many visitors from the nearer railway stations, and in the afternoon a young lieutenant and several soldiers came over from Fort Mackay to witness the 'fireworks fight,' which was to take

place that evening. Three Stars had begun to feel pretty safe; he had picketed his pony and had left his rifle in his mother's tepee.

"Then as he was dancing some one pointed out the newly arrived soldiers. 'See,' said the joker seriously, 'the Great Father's soldiers have arrived. You will have your head shaved and will wear a beaded skirt. They will take you as soon as we have finished the dance.'

"Three Stars, glimpsing the bluecoats, was instantly filled with excitement and hazardous resolution. He slipped away from the dance and passed out of the barricade on the side opposite the soldiers. He sneaked away among the abandoned lodges and, getting his rifle, passed halfway round the outer circle and dodged in at the opening of a friend's canvas tent. There he waited for darkness in the hope of riding away unseen.

"Doubtless he could have ridden away, but two of the soldiers, wishing to take a surreptitious drink out of a canteen, started across the grounds to get behind a tent. As luck would have it the bluecoats walked toward Three Stars' hiding place. The boy saw them coming and had no doubt that they were after him. He had made a high resolve that he would not suffer disgrace, but would die at once and fighting. Believing that escape would be impossible, he passed out of the tent and walked directly toward the two soldiers. At one hundred yards he threw himself on his face and opened fire on the astonished pair. One of them, having no arms, took to his heels; the other, who was armed with a six-shooter, ran backward, dodging from side to side, and returned the fire.

"The confusion may easily be imagined. The white folk, believing that they were all to be massacred, broke for their teams and saddle horses and, some riding, some running, rushed pell-mell for the agency. The Indians, too, were frightened, and they scurried in a dusty whirlwind to the outer rim of the camping circle. Fortunately, Three Stars' bullets whistled harmlessly over the heads of everybody.

"Another soldier, armed with a pistol, joined his comrade at the barricade, and the two fired at Three Stars until their small supply of cartridges was exhausted. The young Indian, I fancy, was never a good shot, and in his wild excitement he simply 'shot holes in the air'; and the two bluecoats were too far off to do damage with their small arms. The two retired in good order and left Three Stars master of the parade ground.

"Well, that young savage got to his feet and, swelling with pride, walked away to his pony, which he mounted, and with his gun ready to repel attack rode proudly across the arena. He was a warrior now, and even the old men of his tribe did not hesitate to stand beside their tepees and look upon the young man gravely. And among the young fellows Three Stars' 'medicine' had risen; if he had called on them to follow, no doubt a crowd would have assembled then and there to attack the agency.

"But the boy had some lingering sense of prudence, and he rode away to the cañons of Skunk Creek and took to hiding. Well, lieutenant H—, who was at the agency when he heard of the fracas, immediately telegraphed the particulars to the commandant at Fort Mackay. He got back word to arm his men at the agency, take some Pawnee scouts and go after the rebel.

"I had spent the day quietly with my wife at the ranch of a friend ten miles out from the agency, and I was there when old Scar Face, my most trusted policeman, rode out to tell me the news. He had brought an extra saddle horse, and we made quick time back to the agency. From what I already knew and from what my policeman told me I was able to determine the real situation. I wanted to save my young hot-head from the last extremity of punishment, and so with Scar Face I rode direct to Skunk Creek.

"It was near midnight when we found the lieutenant and two of his men at the mouth of Water Hole Cañon. There the scouts had found Three Stars' pony, and they were certain that the fugitive was lurking among the ledges. The lieutenant had picketed the cañon and was waiting for daylight.

"I found the young man thoroughly angry and determined to teach 'these wildcat reds' a lesson. No doubt the officer was doing his duty, but, knowing my Sioux much better than he or the new commandant at Fort Mackay did, I felt certain that the capture of Three Stars by the lieutenant's scouts would cause more difficulty for us all. I knew that my Indians could and would quickly find the boy and bring him in.

"While I was pondering what to say and how to say it Scar Face called me aside. 'I know where to find this foolish youth,' he

said in his own tongue, 'and if you will go with me we shall soon fetch him out.'

"I told the lieutenant that my policeman knew every rod of the cañon, and that I would go in with him and try to get the boy to surrender.

"Very well,' he said shortly; 'you are agent here, and I don't care how I get him.'

"So Scar Face and I plunged into the jungle of bullberry bush, scrub oak, thorn and ledges. He led the way, and presently we were climbing a deer trail along a steep scarp that fell away to a jutting ledge below. When we were halfway up the height and were well into the cañon we left the trail to scramble down a steep that seemed at every step about to pitch us into the depths of the gorge. To go silently was impossible, and Scar Face made no attempt to conceal our movements. He halted the descent presently on a little shelf of rock that projected over one of the deep ponds that had given the cañon its name. I could see the stars glimmering in reflection under my feet. On the right we turned to face a black and bush-grown hole, triangular and formed by shelving rock and standing bushes.

"The boy in there,' said Scar Face; 'hole in rock—just round little ways; you mebbe call him out.'

"Hello, Three Stars,' I called. 'Come out and talk. No one shall harm you. Your father the agent wishes to speak with you. I have no gun; neither has Scar Face.'

"There was no answer.

"I don't believe he's there, but I'm going in to see,' I said. I had brought with me from the agency a small bull's-eye lantern, which I now lighted.

"Be ye somewhat careful, my father,' Scar Face said in the Sioux tongue. 'This boy, it appears, does not shoot well, but he may hit you in the darkness.'

"The calm advice at the moment seemed so amusing that I laughed. 'Ho, Three Stars, my son,' I called. 'I, your father, am coming to your hiding place, unarmed. I wish to talk with my son.'

"Good!' said Scar Face. 'I do not think now that he will shoot.'

"Holding the lantern in front of me, I went into the narrow gap between bushes and rocks and stooped to peer into a cavern-like hole on my right. I held the lantern slightly above my head and in front of my eyes. I was younger then, or I should not so readily have taken the risk. My light had scarcely penetrated the niche when there was a blinding flash, a crash of glass, and I reeled backward against the rocks.

"It was lucky for me that my lantern was hit and that I was in darkness. As I crouched under the projecting rocks I heard the click of a breech bolt and the rattle of an empty shell, and again the crazy fellow's gun banged; it was so close that I felt the powder heat on my cheeks. Half a dozen shots were fired at that close but random range, and then, yelling like a lunatic, Three Stars launched himself.

"I felt the impact of his body; he clutched me, and we went whirling along the face of the ledge; he was fighting like a fury. There was a yell of warning from Scar Face, who grabbed at us as we bowled him over, and then we went off the edge of the jutting shelf.

"With an astonishing sense of lightness, of melting into nothingness, I turned several somersaults in space and plunged headforemost into the pond. I struck bottom with a jar, but came up, spouting water and uninjured by my drop of forty or fifty feet.

"As I started to swim across to find a landing place I bumped against a floating body. It was that of the luckless Three Stars, just come to the surface. Either he had struck bottom hard or had struck the surface of the water flat, and the breath was knocked out of him. I towed him across the pond. It was only a little way, though I had difficulty in finding a landing. Three Stars was apparently dead when I finally dragged him up on land. I had worked over him for fifteen minutes, and he was beginning to recover consciousness, when Scar Face reached me. Together we lifted the boy to his feet and led him out, sulking and weakly struggling, to the lieutenant. Well, Three Stars spent six months in durance in a wing of the guardhouse at Fort Mackay, and then he was allowed to return to the agency. He appeared at my office one morning. His braids were still unshorn and were freshly greased; his face expressed gratitude and benevolence.

"My father,' he said, 'I have been very bad, and my heart is sad. You saved my life after I had attacked you, and that has given me a great medicine. I am going to school regularly so that I can learn to be an interpreter, for I always wish to be near my father.'

"And, as you have seen, he did it."



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William Cosgrave

FACT AND COMMENT

REMEMBER THIS: there are times when the under dog is getting only what he richly deserves.

Yes, Honey lies in every Flower no doubt,
But only Bees can get the Honey out.

THE MOST TRYING MAN to deal with is the one who doesn't know what he wants and is impatient because he doesn't get it.

A FRENCH MAN OF SCIENCE says that it is beyond the power of chemistry to reproduce sea water. Although the chemist may know the sixty odd component parts of sea water, there is something in it that defies imitation.

IN AT LEAST one Eastern state there is a campaign to shift the rural pedestrian from his traditional right side of the road to the left side, where he can see all the motor traffic that meets him and be on the safe side as regards all that passes him.

HOW WELL the Russian Communist party understands the Einstein theory can be judged by the report of a special council in Moscow. The council found the theory "reactionary in nature, furnishing support for counter-revolutionary ideas," and also that it is "the product of the *bourgeois* class in decomposition."

ON JANUARY 1 the government must redeem war savings certificates to the value of hundreds of millions. One of the best reinvestments is the new Treasury savings certificates of the 1923 series, which are obtainable at the post office and which pay interest at the rate of four per cent and mature in 1928.

A SETTING OF TWENTY EGGS from a champion white Leghorn hen in the State of Washington brought five hundred dollars, but that is a little thing beside the single strawberry plant, grown in Iowa, that sold recently in Michigan for fifty thousand dollars. The plant grows strawberries in large quantities, and when a Michigander cuts into his shortcake he likes to find something besides a pink stain.

THOSE WHO HAVE FIXED in their minds Mark Twain's picture of the man chopping wood on a raft in the middle of the Mississippi, the sound of whose stroke reached Tom Sawyer on shore just as the man held the axe poised again for another stroke, never quite comprehend the speed of radio waves. A radio message travels at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, which means that it will take about one fiftieth of a second to go from New York to San Francisco.

THE INTERNATIONAL COMMISSION sent to Africa by the Phelps-Stokes fund reports that the continent is not so much a "Dark Continent" as one of "misunderstanding." Its vast potential strength in raw materials and the need of promoting the welfare of its native peoples are more worth emphasizing than its jungles and its savagery. Even the unhealthy conditions of the regions subject to malaria and to the sleeping sickness will eventually yield to modern science.

TWO YEARS AGO, when the navy balloons, starting from a place near New York, came down in a few hours at Moose Factory on James Bay, many people turned to their geographies to discover how near the "frozen north" really is. Some New York sportsmen are building a flying boat with which they plan to penetrate the Arctic next summer. There is almost an unbroken inland waterway

from New York to the Arctic Circle, and James Bay is only about as far from New York as Chicago is.

ARE THERE THINGS that you neglected to do in 1922 that if done would have made the year a richer one to remember? Did you lose sight of a friend whom a letter or a telephone call would have brought into your life again? Did you let slip a day in the spring when you should have kept tryst with the birds and the lilacs? Were you too busy to go to a symphony concert or view the pictures in an art museum? "I should like to do that sometime," we say. "I did that once," is a better thing to say.

COMPETITION

II. Competition and Monopoly

IT is easy to show that certain evils grow out of competition in business; it is not so easy to find something that will work better. The evils of competition are present and real; we have suffered from them and therefore can prove that they exist, but no one can have felt the evils of a system that has never been tried. The advocate of such an untried system may deny that any evils could possibly exist under it, and no one can prove that they do really exist. But the Russian experiment, though it has been hard on the Russian people, has at least demonstrated to the rest of the world that certain very definite evils grow out of communism, which is one of the substitutes for the competitive system.

All plans for eliminating competition in business involve putting business into the hands of larger or smaller cooperative groups. But so long as they are voluntary groups competition is not eliminated. When no one is compelled by authority to join a cooperative group anyone may stay outside and compete with it. Under such conditions cooperative groups have a place in an economic system that remains mainly competitive. Cooperative stores will continue to compete with other stores, cooperative creameries with other creameries and cooperative shops with other shops.

The fact is that business competition could be eliminated only by an exercise of authority that should prohibit everything except cooperative enterprises and should compel everyone to join one of them. Even then there would be two forms of competition unless they too were forbidden by authority. First, there would be competition for the higher positions within the group, and, second, there would be competition among cooperative groups. So long as men are free from authority they will compete with one another. A general extension of authority is the only possible substitute for competition. Competing for the higher positions within the cooperative group could be prevented only by autocratic rather than by democratic management. Competition among groups could be prevented only by putting all of them under one autocratic management.

Even a general extension of authority, if that authority is exercised in accordance with democratic principles, will leave ample room for competition, though it will be political rather than business competition. In any democratic system individuals are free to propose plans and policies, to support such plans and policies as they like, to run for office and to support such candidates as they see fit to support. So long as men have differences of opinion there will be rival opinions seeking embodiment in law and rival candidates seeking power and authority to put their opinions into practice. In short, there will be elections and campaigns, electioneering and campaigning. The only possible way to eliminate that kind of competition is for some one to monopolize the lawmaking power. Monopoly is the opposite of competition, but monopoly of the lawmaking power is absolute autocracy. That is the only and final resort of those who object to competition of every kind.

But even autocracy must be complete and arbitrary. If the autocrat permits himself to be influenced by arguments, representations and petitions, there will be competition among those who hope to win a favorable decision from him. In short, if men are free to try to influence him, they will compete with one another in attempting to do it.

The only logical conclusion is that men will compete with one another in proportion as they are free from authority. If authority forbids them to compete in business, they will compete with one another in politics for the power to direct that authority. If authority forbids them to participate in government,—that is, if a despot monopolizes

the government,—they will compete with one another for his favorable consideration. To prevent them from competing in that way the despot must refuse to hear prayers, arguments and other representations and to receive petitions; that is, he must forbid individuals to approach him or to make any sort of representations to him. So even in government monopoly is the only substitute for competition.

THE TYRANNY OF ORDER

WHAT an excellent thing order is, the essence of accomplishment, the foundation of life! Plan your going and coming, plan your expenses, plan your clothing, plan your thoughts: on such a basis you will go a long way.

And some seem to be born with the instinct for it: when they are children their toys are in their places, their clothes are neat and tidy, their ideas are neat and tidy, with a spruceness that gratifies parents and teachers and that need not offend friends if it is accompanied by other amiable qualities. And some are born without it and could not acquire it if they lived a thousand years. Their lives drift; their souls drift. They are always a little late, always a little unmended, always a little in debt, and as a general thing they are frightfully unconcerned about the matter. It is their friends that have the concern—and endure the consequences. And some, again, achieve the sense of order by painful effort, their own or their parents'; and, though the instinct is never quite so perfect as when intuitive, it is all the more valued for the pains of acquisition and is even more likely to lead to fruitful accomplishment in the end.

Oh, yes, order is a splendid thing; but there may be too much of it, and those whose lives are fully subjected to it are too quick to make it a burden to others. They not only come and go themselves with admirable regularity and precision but they demand that others shall do the same. Their lives are guided by the clock, and they are not satisfied unless they can inject that steadfast, terrible, remorseless ticking into your life. What is the use of having a house tidy and meals prompt and clothes well pressed and mended if careless fingers soil the paint, and forgetful appetites neglect the meals, and hasty tardiness gets the clothes on awry and spots and stains them before they are two days worn? So order tyrannizes over others.

And it tyrannizes over itself. For when life is all planned you hate to break the plan. And after all, healthy life is nothing but a succession of breaks and interruptions to which you must adapt yourself with dreadful detriment to all preconceived system. So that the slaves of order are likely to have but an unhappy time of it, and they look pale and thin and anxious in a world that has endless possibilities of diversion if only you do not try to force it into your one rigid mould.

Order may be heaven's first law; very likely it is. But there are a lot of other laws.

THE IRISH CONSTITUTION

AS was expected, the new British Parliament ratified the constitution that the Dail Eireann adopted for the Irish Free State. It is of interest therefore to consider briefly some of the more important provisions of the instrument.

It begins with what is in effect a bill of rights that guarantees liberty of the person, free speech, a free press and full religious toleration. It defines Irish citizenship as the possession of a native of Ireland or of a person whose parents were natives or of one who has lived for seven years within the territory of the Irish Free State. Those of foreign birth, however, need not accept citizenship if they prefer not to accept it.

The frame of government shows the influence both of British and of American constitutional practice—the American perhaps quite as conspicuously as the British. The executive authority is nominally in the hands of a representative of the crown, as in Canada, but it is actually exerted by an Executive Council of twelve, only four of whom are to be members of the Dail. The other eight, including the heads of the administrative departments, are not to have seats in the parliament. There the constitution defers to American example. The Dail in effect appoints the president of the Council and also those members of it who are not members of the Dail, and the Council must resign whenever the Dail passes a vote of lack of confidence. There the constitution follows the

British practice. The administrative members of the Council are to be chosen not as representatives of any group or party but for their fitness for their duties.

The Dail, or Chamber of Deputies, must be dissolved at least once every four years. The members are to be chosen by universal suffrage without distinction of sex. The Senators will not represent geographical districts, but will be elected on a general ticket for a twelve-year term. One quarter of the house will go out of office every three years. Their successors will be chosen from a panel consisting of three times the number of vacancies, and the panel will be selected by the two houses from among the most eminent citizens of the state. Anyone who has once sat in the Senate can have his name added to the panel by giving notice that he desires it. Only citizens thirty years of age or more may vote for the Senators.

The Senate may not amend or reject money bills, all of which will be prepared and controlled by the executive department. That firmly establishes the principle of an executive budget and is not American, but British, practice; but the constitution establishes a High Court, which, among other duties, shall pass on the constitutionality of legislation—an American idea.

Other articles provide that any act may be submitted to a referendum of the people on the demand of two fifths of the Chamber of Deputies or a majority of the Senate. The parliament is also authorized to provide opportunity for the people to initiate legislation if it thinks best or if a sufficient number of voters demand it. There we see the influence of American rather than of British practice.

So far as can be seen, the Irish constitution is a reasonable, workable instrument, progressive in spirit, yet not departing widely from the safe ground of experience. If the Irish nation can compose its internal differences and devote itself to thorough constructive work, it should find in its charter the materials for a sound and efficient government.

A STURDY OLD PATRIOT

THE visit of M. Clemenceau to the United States was at least a personal triumph. Whether or not he persuaded Americans by the way he presented the French point of view, they found the venerable Frenchman a commanding and fascinating person. Everything that he said or did carried the note of simplicity and sincerity. Behind his words there was the unmistakable force of character and conviction. Round his head played still the light of heroism that focused there during those great days of the war. He was the Tiger, the Father of Victory, the dauntless, tireless leader of a bruised and staggering people; and he was at the same time one of the sanest, most cheerful and least conceited visitors that ever stepped upon a New York pier. He won the admiration of America years ago: he has now firmly established himself in its affections.

America listened to M. Clemenceau the more willingly because he did not come as an official representative, acting under instruction, distributing propaganda and speaking in the language of diplomacy. He came as a patriotic Frenchman, pained and alarmed at the growing misunderstanding between France and the United States, and eager to interpret to the people on this side of the water the mind and the emotions of his own nation. He came also with the hope—though it must have been a desperate hope—that something he should say might lead American opinion back over the road it has traveled since the Treaty of Versailles was signed; back to a willingness to take a definite part in the settlement of European questions either as a member of the League of Nations or as an open ally of France.

M. Clemenceau's audiences listened sympathetically to his defense of France against the charge of militarism and patiently to his frank criticism of this country for withdrawing from the concert of nations that made the treaty; and they cheered him loudly. He is not to blame for the recent course of French diplomacy, and when we remember that the old statesman's policy was wrecked by the refusal of the United States to ratify the engagements made by President Wilson at Paris it is easy to forgive him for scolding us. A man who has fallen overboard and sees the life preserver that he is about to grasp jerked suddenly out of his reach is not likely to think that everything is for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

Probably M. Clemenceau accomplished little toward changing the feeling in the United States about the wisdom of our

becoming definitely entangled in the political and diplomatic troubles of the Old World; but he did present to us the interesting and engaging spectacle of an indomitable old patriot, full of life and hopefulness in his ninth decade; a sturdy, humorous, straightforward old Gaul, whom we salute with respect and affection.

To Our Subscribers

On January 11 begins a new serial of adventure, *A Message to Chief Joseph*. It is a rattling tale in which incident follows each other from a machine gun. The old mountaineer Leander and his eccentric horse Brogan will interest, amuse and thrill everyone who likes tales of the West and the Warpath.

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CURRENT EVENTS

ACCORDING to the decision of the Supreme Court in the Pennsylvania coal-tax case there is nothing to prevent any state from levying a tax on the products of its fields, factories or mines before those products enter interstate commerce. The Pennsylvania tax is on anthracite coal only, of which that state has almost a monopoly. Minnesota has recently put a tax on iron mined within its borders, and a case that involves the tax is even now before the Supreme Court. The decision is most disturbing, for that plan of taxation, if generally adopted, is almost sure considerably to increase the general cost of living and to cause continual irritation between states.

THE President has nominated a new justice of the Supreme Court, to succeed Mr. Justice Day—Mr. Pierce Butler of Minnesota. Mr. Butler is fifty-six years old, a Democrat and a Roman Catholic. He is a lawyer of distinction who has a wide experience in railway and railway rate cases. Because he is accounted a conservative, some of the Senators who are regarded as radicals declared themselves opposed to confirming him.

ENCOURAGED by the spectacular success of Fascism in Italy, a similar movement is gaining headway in Bavaria. The leader of the Bavarian organization of "gray shirts" is a man named Hitler, who is greeted wherever he goes with something of the enthusiasm that Mussolini aroused in the Italian cities. The government, which has taken no steps to suppress the Nationalist movement, is accused by the Radicals and Socialists of being in sympathy with it. Hitler himself is anti-Semitic, and the Jews in Bavaria are a good deal alarmed at the strength of the anti-Semitic feeling among his followers. Meanwhile Mussolini is recognized as virtually the dictator of Italy. The Chamber of Deputies after listening to a voluble scolding from the premier voted by a large majority to give him the extraordinary authority that he demanded to

make fiscal and administrative reforms. He had already threatened to dismiss parliament and govern without it if his terms were refused. Another illustration of the assurance with which he conducts himself is shown by his insistence that M. Poincaré and Lord Curzon should visit him, and not he them, when on the eve of the Lausanne conference a meeting of the three statesmen was thought desirable. The Frenchman and the Englishman meekly agreed. Imagine their doing so six months ago!

THE Supreme Council of Russian Monarchists, sitting in Paris, has named Grand Duke Nicholas as successor to the crown of the murdered czar. Another party of refugees recently conferred that distinction on Grand Duke Cyril. When we remember that France saw three Bourbon kings on the throne after the Revolution had run its course it is apparent that it will not do to say that neither candidate for the czarship has any chance of wearing a crown. Nevertheless, the prospects of neither are rosy.

THE territory of Rhodesia has voted against joining the Union of South Africa. "Self-determination" seems to be as popular a cry in provinces as in national states. Rhodesia is a large domain territorially, but the white population is scattered. There were only 14,763 votes on both sides of the question.

THE electricians have made an extraordinarily powerful machine for producing X rays. It runs on a current of two hundred thousand volts, and the rays, it is said, will penetrate a two-foot brick wall or photograph the bones in a hand two hundred feet away. The rays will kill cancer cells in the internal organs, but they will kill normal cells too and therefore will have no therapeutic value until the experts find a way to get one effect without the other.—A French report says that a chemist named Kovache, of Bordeaux, has compounded something that will counteract the effects of any poisonous gas. We hope that the report is true, but before you accept it wait until something confirms it.

THE execution of several Greek politicians and soldiers who were accused of bringing about the military disaster at Smyrna was promptly followed by the withdrawal of the British minister from Athens. The understanding, if there was any understanding, between the two countries is definitely at an end. Nevertheless, the Allies continued at Lausanne to support the Greeks in refusing to withdraw from western Thrace, which the Turks want. Our "observer" at Lausanne, Ambassador Child, took early occasion to tell France, Great Britain and Italy that the United States stands for the "open door" in Turkey and will not approve any secret treaties that give one or another power any special commercial privileges there. The allied delegates, who are nettled at the refusal of the United States to take any responsible part in the conference, did not act as if they were overjoyed at Mr. Child's remarks, but on the other hand they did not seem to think that they could disregard them. They are likely to consent, in form at least, to any conditions that America may present. The Russian delegates at Lausanne have suggested as a solution of the Dardanelles issue that the straits be open at all times to merchant ships, but closed at all times to naval vessels.

THERE is reason to believe that rubber, which has been very plentiful and cheap of late, will soon advance in price. Too much rubber has been raised in the East, particularly in the Malay Peninsula, where a great many large rubber plantations were started when the rise of the automobile business promised to increase greatly the demand for rubber. For some time crude rubber has been selling for about fourteen cents a pound, which is considerably less than it costs to produce it. The British colonial office has now come to the relief of the distressed planters with a scheme for forcing a reduction in the crop. It will put an export tax of seven cents a pound on all rubber exported in excess of sixty per cent of the normal crop. If that does not produce the desired effect the tax will be applied to a still larger share of the amount produced, and so on until the price of crude rubber approximates twenty-five cents a pound. Henceforth we must expect to pay more for our overshoes and automobile tires.

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CHILDREN'S · PAGE

THE CHRISTMAS TREE SPEAKS

By Claribel Weeks Avery

Last spring I thought it very hard
That every other tree
Was dressed with white and rosy flowers
That never come to me.

In summer not a pretty bird
Perched on my arms to sing,
In autumn I'd no golden fruit,
Or nuts, or anything.

But now I'm dressed in red and gold,
I've silver stars that shine
In candle flames; no tree of spring
Has finery like mine.

For fruit I've bags of sugarplums
And almonds sweet and white,
White corn and golden oranges;
Imagine my delight.

And though I guard no little nests,
And still no birds have found me,
Glad children gather in a ring
And lift their songs around me!

TRAVELER AND TRAMP

By Nancy Byrd Turner

THE traveler put an apple in his pocket and pulled his broad hat down over his brow. "Now I'm ready for my travels," he said. With his hands in his pockets he trudged down the path, through the gate and round the bend in the road, scuffing his feet in the dust as he went. He was not sure



DRAWN BY M. G. HAYS

"He is hot and hungry too"

where he was going, but he said to himself that he should keep on until he found a strange new country.

The curving road went up and down, and after a long while the traveler began to feel hot and tired. "I think I'll go home, now," he said to himself, "and find the new country some other day."

Just at that point the road divided; one fork turned a little to the right, and the other curved a good deal to the left. The traveler followed the big curve, for it seemed to be leading back toward home. But he did not seem to get any nearer home; it was hot and dusty toiling through the sand.

At last he stopped short with a little grunt. "I think my home must be just round that bend in the road," he said.

So round the bend he went at a run. But, alas! though he ran on and on, he saw no sign of home. When he turned the next curve he was running so fast, and his eyes were so full of tears, that he ran right into a tramp. The meeting was a great surprise to both of them.

"Hello!" said the traveler. "Where did you come from?"

The tramp said nothing, but he stared hard and looked pleased. He was all in shabby gray and seemed very warm and dusty. Suddenly he sat down at the edge of the road and heaved a long sigh.

"I am tired too," said the traveler. The tramp sighed again, but did not reply.

"And I'm thirsty," the traveler added in a

sad voice. He came and stood close beside the tramp, who looked sorrowful but was silent.

"And I'm lost! I'm lost!" the traveler said in a choked voice. Before he could help himself two large, hot tears ran down his cheeks and fell on the tramp's nose.

That disturbed the tramp; he rose with a worried look.

"I wish," the traveler said, "I just wish you could show me the way home."

The tramp put on a very businesslike expression and began to move along briskly in the direction he had been going first. The traveler turned and followed.

Back and back they went. At last the road began to look familiar to the traveler. His heart grew lighter, and he put his hands into his pockets again and whistled a little tune. The tramp gave him a pleased look and quickened his pace. Between them they raised a big dust.

After a while they came back to the place where the road divided. The traveler halted; he did not know which way he ought to go. "O dear me!" he said.

But the tramp was not at all worried; he turned briskly down the other fork.

The traveler followed him. "Perhaps he knows the way," he thought hopefully.

At last they came to a very sharp bend. Round the bend was a little picket fence with a green gate. A lady in a blue dress came running down to the gate.

"Come right in and get cooled off," she said to the traveler with a smile. Then she looked at the tramp in a puzzled way.

"I met him on the road," the traveler said. "He is hot and hungry too. O mother, mother, may he stay?"

The lady in blue nodded. Then she ran into the house and came back with two bowls full of cold creamy milk and crisp crackers.

"Hurrah!" cried the traveler in delight.

"Bowwow!" said the happy tramp.

LITTLE MRS. HETTY-HEN

By Ethel W. Livingstone

ONE morning Sally Goose, bustling with excitement, came to call on her cousins, Serena and Sam. The moment she had removed her bobbing red bonnet she exclaimed, "What do you think? An old-fashioned-looking stranger named Mrs. Hetty-Hen has taken Hencoop Cottage next door to me. I don't know whether I shall like her or not."

"Mrs. Hetty-Hen? What a name!" sniffed Miss Serena. "I hope Barnyardville isn't going to be flooded with people of that type."

The three cousins went paddling off together. Serena and Sam were full of curiosity. As they drew near Hencoop Cottage Sam tried to tilt his hat at a more becoming angle. "I must remember to be a little stiff at first," he told himself.

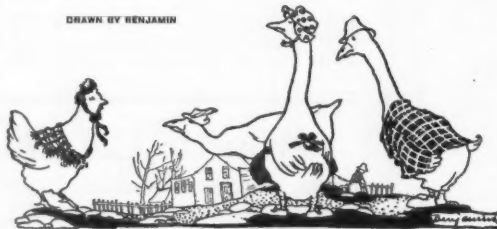
Mrs. Hetty-Hen was just coming out of her gate; she wore a simple little country bonnet and a plaid shawl.

"Good afternoon, Mrs.—ah—Hetty-Hen!" Miss Serena Goose said loftily.

"Howdy," Mrs. Hetty-Hen replied with a brisk little nod. "I am very glad to meet all of my new neighbors, I'm sure."

Miss Serena stiffened. "I suppose you don't often have a chance to meet people of our rank, do you?" she said.

Little Mrs. Hetty-Hen's eyes twinkled.



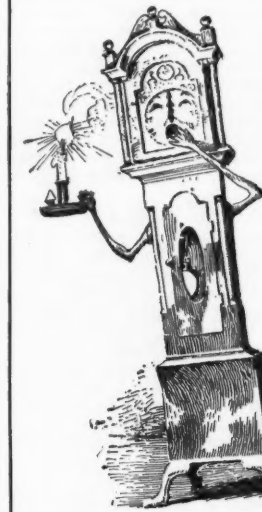
DRAWN BY BENJAMIN

Little Mrs. Hetty-Hen's eyes twinkled

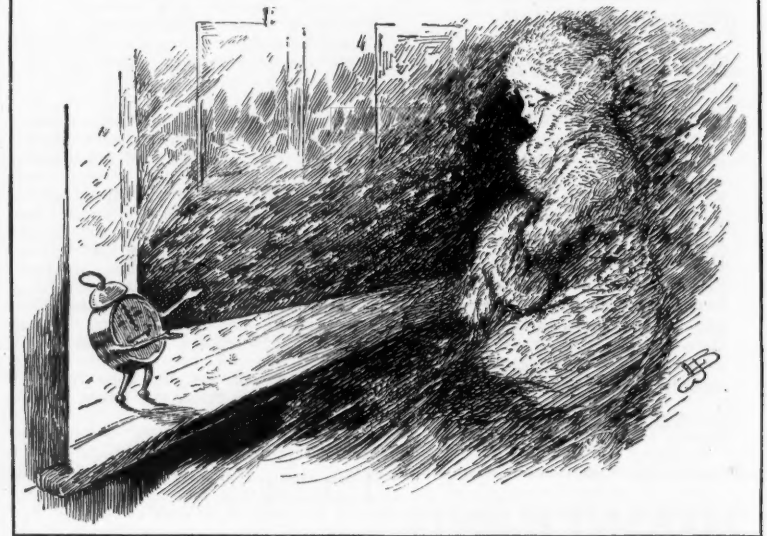
"Well, I think I must trot along," she said. With another little nod she went tripping off. The three geese looked after her; then they looked at one another.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Serena. "You might think she owned the whole of Barnyardville by the way she acts!"

"But she has a kind, pleasant way," said Sam Goose. "I'm going to ask her to join the Glee Club." Sam looked pleased with himself.



"I hope I have arrived on time," said sweet Miss January.



A Dream of New Year's Eve

Verses and Drawings by L. J. Bridgman

At midnight deep one New Year's eve
The grandfather clock got up to leave,
A yawn upon his face.
"I'm feeling quite run down," he said;
"Perhaps I'd better go to bed.
Will some one take my place?"

The small tin clock from the kitchen shelf
Called out, "I'll take your place myself.
Go on, you sleepy thing!"
But just as the big clock turned to go
"Somebody's coming," he said, "I know.
Did you hear somebody ring?"

The little clock danced to the door to see
What midnight caller there might be,
What gnome or elf or fairy,
And lo! while church bells rang their chime,

Serena looked amazed. "Why, Sam!" she snapped. "Who knows that she can sing?"

"I shall ask her, anyway," said Sam.

The Goose family prided themselves on their voices. At the meetings of the Barnyardville Glee Club they hissed and honked with great gusto. Gussie Gobbler and his family sang bass, and John Alden Rooster-Brewster, who was a real Plymouth Rock fowl, had a fine tenor. The very next day Sam invited Mrs. Hetty-Hen to join the club. She accepted.

John Alden Rooster-Brewster greeted the newcomer with much courtesy when she appeared at the meeting. "I see you are a member of the Leghorn family, Mrs. Hetty-Hen," he said. "We are proud to have you in our club."

"Thank you," Mrs. Hetty-Hen replied sweetly. "Yes, I am a Leghorn; my people came over from Italy in the old days."

"I am a descendant of the first settlers of Plymouth," continued the rooster with natural pride. "My ancestors came over on the Trailing Arbutus."

"The Trailing Arbutus?" repeated Mrs. Hetty-Hen. "The Trailing Ar—" She looked much puzzled.

"Some call it the Mayflower," said John Alden Rooster-Brewster, "but I prefer to call it the Trailing Arbutus."

Later in the evening Mrs. Hetty-Hen was called upon to give a solo. She looked very neat and pretty as she came forward. Everyone was eager to see how she would perform.

"Cut-cut-cut-cad-a-ka! Cut-cut-cut-cad-a-ka!" sang Mrs. Hetty-Hen in a powerful contralto. There was a thunder of applause when she had finished; it was plain to the audience that she had a magnificent voice.

On the way home after the concert Sally Goose said Mrs. Hetty-Hen had been a surprise to her.

"Still, we must always keep in mind that she is not a Goose!" sniffed Miss Serena.

"No," replied Gussie Gobbler, "but when I heard that she came of that fine old Leghorn family you could have knocked me over with one of my own pinfeathers!"

Serena sniffed. "A quiet, humble-appearing little thing," she said.

Sam, who had been silent for a long time, suddenly spoke. "Sometimes the most quiet and humble-appearing people are the very best," he remarked thoughtfully.

Miss Serena looked ashamed at last. "Perhaps you are right," was her reply.

WHEN I AM MRS. BROWN

By Anne B. Payne

I like to skate and go to ride
And look at books; and, though
I like to play with paper dolls,
Of all the games I know
I'd rather play I'm Mrs. Brown
And have my dresses sweeping down.

When Mr. Brown's an engineer
And danger often braves
The people give him bags of gold
For all the lives he saves.

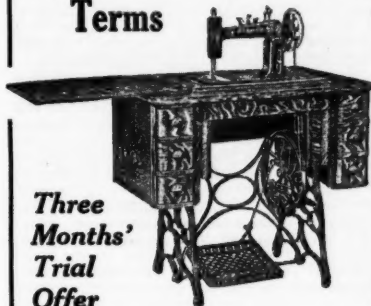
Sometimes he's dressed in blue and brass
And is a traffic "cop."
He waves his hand, and people go.
He holds it up; they stop.

Marie and Dick and Tom and Jean
And Gwendolyn, the fifth,—
My children,—I take out to call
On Mrs. Jones or Smith.

But when they have to stay at home
With fever in the head,
Or measles, mumps or whooping
cough,
I put them all to bed.

I'm glad the children that I have
Are five instead of eight,
But as it is I like to play
I'm Mrs. Brown, most every day.

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Boston, Massachusetts



STAMPS TO STICK

PERHAPS the largest and most valuable collection of Korean stamps in the world is in the possession of Mr. H. Kuroiwa, the postmaster of a little country district on the eastern coast of Korea. The stamps are affixed to a Japanese screen, a picture of which, with Mr. Kuroiwa standing beside it, appears herewith. Mr. Kuroiwa began to decorate the screen about fifteen years ago. It has six panels, each one five feet high and two and a half feet wide. It took the postmaster five years to assemble the stamps. He sketched the design on the screen, and afterwards, working in spare time during evenings after his post office was closed, and after he had finished his daily supervision of his orchard, he filled it in with the stamps.

The lowest border comprises Korean issues of about 1895, some fifteen years before the country passed under the rule of Japan. The very narrow border at the top consists of Korean issues of about 1903. The dark strip through the center is made up of stamps of various values. The letters



in "Ex-Korea" are made up of stamps, valued at from two to five cents each, of issues made just before Korea was annexed, and the background of the text is of newspaper stamps.

The screen contains 9800 stamps, the face value of which if uncanceled would be about \$5400 in American money; but the value of the screen as a whole is probably much more than that, for none of the stamps have been in current use since Korea was annexed, and some Korean stamps have a philatelic value as high as twenty dollars.

The wording "Ex-Korea" was used in the design to show that when Japan annexed Korea the Korean people were compelled thereafter to use Japanese stamps surcharged "Korea" in Japanese letters.

THROUGHOUT November, December and January a "child welfare charity stamp" series is on sale at post offices in Jamaica, in values of 1/2-penny green, 1-penny carmine and 2 1/2-pence blue. The head of a native child is the central design, and the inscription "Child Welfare" appears at the lower edge of each stamp. The stamps sell at a halfpenny apiece more than the face value. The extra revenue thus obtained is devoted to improving the condition of the children of the island. It is said that Jamaica plans to issue a special set of this character about Christmas time every year.

THE appearance of the Roosevelt stamp—the 5-cent blue denomination of the new series of United States stamps—is hailed with delight by collectors everywhere. October 27 was Theodore Roosevelt's birthday, and the Post Office Department took the occasion to place on sale the first stamp that bears the former President's portrait. Copies were sold first at Oyster Bay, where Colonel Roosevelt lived, and in New York City, where he was born, and at a stamp agency in Washington. The first copies of the new stamp went to Mrs. Roosevelt and to her son, Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

The Roosevelt stamp was the second of the new series to appear, the 11-cent peacock blue having been placed on sale some weeks earlier to mark the centenary of the birth of former President Rutherford B. Hayes, whose portrait appears on the stamp.

The third of the series, the 50-cent stamp, showing the Arlington Cemetery and the grave of the Unknown Soldier, appeared on Armistice Day, November 11. Other denominations will appear from time to time, with portraits of famous Americans, including Lincoln, Jefferson, Garfield, Monroe, Cleveland, Grant and McKinley, and—as a tribute to American womanhood—Martha Washington, and with designs showing Niagara, the Yosemite, the Statue of Liberty, the Capitol at Washington, the Lincoln memorial, America, an Indian and a buffalo.

FOLLOWERS of aviation will remember that in September an aeroplane meet was held at Rouen, France. It now appears that a special series of stamps were issued in connection with the affair, of 25, 50 and 75 centime and 1 and 2 franc values, each showing an aeroplane above

the Rouen Cathedral as the central design and inscriptions that include "Aviation Meeting" and "Rouen 2 et 3 Septembre 1922." A hydro-aeroplane aloft above the seashore is the design on a series of six denominations that appeared in connection with the French air-post service between Baule and Saint-Nazaire from September 2 to September 11. Inasmuch as, on the second set, the inscription includes "Societe de Propaganda Aeronautique" there is some question whether the series was officially issued, although "Poste Par Avion," also on the stamps, appears to indicate that the stamps were actually used for postal purposes. It remains to be determined also whether the first set was officially authorized by the government.

THE next Congress, the eighth, of the International Postal Union is to be held in Sweden in 1924, a date that will mark the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Union. Sweden therefore is preparing to issue two commemorative sets when the delegates arrive in Stockholm. The postmaster-general is already arranging for a general prize competition among artists, so that there may be appropriate designs to choose from. The designs to commemorate the holding of the Congress will bear such texts as "Världspostkongressen VIII kongress" or "VIII Världspostkongr" together with "Stockholm 1924." Those of the anniversary series, the postmaster-general has announced, must have such a text as "Union Postale Universelle 1874-1924" or "U.P.U. 1874-1924." It will be recalled that when the seventh Congress was held, in 1920, Spain issued a series bearing the texts "VII Congreso U.P.U." and "Madrid 1920."

IN 1623—nearly three hundred years ago—the British West Indian island of Saint Christopher, commonly known to stamp collectors as Saint Kitts-Nevis, was occupied by the English and the French and later was ceded to the English. In commemoration, Saint Kitts-Nevis is to have a tercentenary issue in 1923, the chief design of which will be a picture of the vessel in which Sir Thomas Warner, the colonizer, reached the island. The inscription will be the dates 1623 and 1923 and the text, "Founding of St. Kitts." Denominations ranging from a halfpenny to one pound are expected to be placed on sale on January 1. Part of the funds received will be used to finance the purchase of ground for botanical gardens that will be a permanent memorial of the establishment of the colony.

SEVERAL hundred new varieties of stamps are being provided through the rearrangement of the colors of the current issues of the numerous Portuguese colonies. The new colors, standardized for the different colonies and to be adopted as rapidly as may be feasible, are: 1-centavo pale green, 3-centavo orange, 4-centavo pink, 4 1/2-centavo gray, 5-centavo blue, 6-centavo lilac, 7-centavo ultramarine, 12-centavo blue-green, 15-centavo claret, 20-centavo green, 40-centavo turquoise, 60-centavo deep blue, 80-centavo rose, 1-escudo pink, 2-escudo purple. Cape Verde and Portuguese Guinea have already introduced those colors; Mozambique is doing so; and the other colonies will follow shortly.

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THE HILLS

By Katharine Sawin Oakes



*Plains lie too far below the skies;
The air of Heaven enfolds the hills,
And joy and hope and life distills,
And vision sanctifies.*

*Surging and singing in the wind,
The upland pines call constantly;
I long to lie and watch the sea
Of blurring boughs, soft intertwined,*

*Or gaze across a steep, dark place
Of purple gulfs sunk way below
The forest's sweeping ebb and flow
To sunshine on the mountain's face;*

*And lower still, to clustered fields
All primly checked in varying green
Or yellow where the grain's bright sheen
Gleams wavering like burnished shields.*

*From tiny homesteads, white and red,
Wee, tiny threads of smoke ascend,
And tiny figures wend and wend
'Twixt house and barn and yard and shed.*

*Lowlands are too remote from Heaven—
They balk the eyes' far, perfect sight
That plunges from the hills' sweet height,
Where understanding peace is given!*

THE TONGUE OF A BEE

FOR many years in New Zealand red clover was not a successful crop. It would grow well for one season and then would die without forming seed for another sowing. To ship in seed for every crop was so expensive that not many farmers sowed clover in their fields.

At last a man of science who had examined the clover blossoms and the bees of New Zealand under a microscope discovered that the whole difficulty lay in the tongue of the bee. The clover blossoms are fertilized by bees, which carry the pollen as they flit from one plant to another in search of honey. But in New Zealand the blossoms were too deep for the tongues of the bees; they could not reach the pollen, and so the blossoms never grew into seed.

When bumblebees from other lands were brought in and turned loose to live and work, red clover blossoms produced the perfect seed for future sowing. The prosperity wrapped up in the clover crops of that great island continent hung, you might say, on the tongue of a bee!

There is another great possibility that hangs on a tongue—not on the tongue of a bee, but on your tongue and on my tongue. To be sure, our tongues are larger than the tongue of a bee; yet the human tongue is a small thing to hold the great possibilities that it does. When you are asked to do right or wrong the answer yes or no is on your tongue, and the answer you give will determine the fruit that your life shall bear. When you see another person facing a decision the word that you speak then may determine the fruit that your friend shall bear throughout his life. When the question of accepting and following Jesus Christ is before you the answer yes or no is on your tongue, and the answer that your tongue gives will determine the blessing and happiness and prosperity of your life not only here but in all eternity.

The words hang upon your tongue, yes; but be the master of your tongue, and then there will be no doubt which way it will direct your character and life.

"YOU MIGHT HAVE HELPED A LITTLE"

ONE of the greatest pleasures of a certain bright little fellow was to play with the other boys in the field at the back of the beautiful garden of his house. But one day he behaved rather badly, and his mother said to him, "Jack, to punish you, I forbid you to leave this garden. You are not on any account to go into the field to play with the other boys. You understand?"

"Yes, mother," replied the little fellow, who understood only too well.

Knowing that his punishment was just, he bore it with philosophic fortitude until he heard the voices of the other boys as they were beginning their play. Then, moving to the garden wall, he stood on tiptoe and peered over. The sight was too tempting, and he stepped quickly away again. He tried to take an interest in the flowers of the garden, but somehow his feet would carry him to the garden wall.

Soon—he hardly knew how—he was sitting on the wall. The boys were playing leapfrog, his favorite game! The next moment he had climbed down and was retreating to the centre of the lawn; he dared not watch.

But he could not put the game out of his thoughts. A few minutes later he was peering through the bars of the garden gate. Something inside him said, "Open the gate; you needn't go out, you know. Show how strong you are! Just stand and watch from the open gate."

He opened the gate a little and then closed it sharply. As he did so the boys outside shouted

with delight as one of their number made a particularly good leap. That was too much for the little fellow. "I'll rush over for one jump only and then come straight back," he said to himself. At the gate he hesitated for an instant, and then out he went.

His mother met him as he was coming back. "Have you been out of this garden, Jack?" she asked severely.

The boy's head sank. Then he looked up. "Yes, mother," he replied, "but I only ran out to take one jump, and I came straight back!"

"Yes," said his mother, "I saw you; I was watching you the whole time!"

Tears filled the boy's eyes, and his face became crimson. In a choked voice he managed to say, "Well, you might have helped a little when I was trying so hard to be good!"

BEARS AND FOREST FIRES

BEARS frequently find themselves in "hot water" during a forest fire, though it is not always the fire alone that causes the trouble. For example, there is the bear that fire once routed from his lair on a ranch in British Columbia. Perhaps his tail was singed; perhaps there was smoke in his eyes; at any rate in his dash for open country he collided with a mule.

Jack immediately played a double tattoo with his capable hind hoofs, and bruin promptly stretched out on the ground. Thoroughly angered, he picked himself up and cautiously approached the mule from a different angle. Down came the huge paw on the mule's ribs. But the mule shifted quickly, and the next instant swish went the hoofs, and the bear stretched out again and this time closed his eyes.

The ranch owner, who had witnessed the unusual encounter, dashed to the house for a rifle, but before he could return the bear had got unsteadily to his feet and was meandering back toward the forest fire. It was less exciting there!

During another forest fire a ranger came upon a cub with severely burnt feet and body. The youngster was whimpering pitifully, and so the forester put it into his automobile and made it fast with rope. But when he started on his way he discovered that the mother bear had appeared and was following in hot pursuit! Moreover, since the road ran uphill, she was gaining!

The forestry instructions do not cover a case of that kind, but the ranger was resourceful; he decided to throw the cub overboard. But his attempts to untie the knots were futile. He glanced back; the mother bear was only a few yards behind. He looked to the right and to the left, and just then with a mighty effort the old bear threw herself upon the back of the car.

At that important moment the forester dived over the side. He regained his feet in time to see the automobile continuing its journey with a happy family reunited. Later he found it at the side of the road. Everything was intact except the side of the seat to which the cub had been tied; the old bear had torn it out to release her offspring.

SALLEH AND USOOP

SALLEH and Usoop were the two Malay servants of a British official in the Orient, who brought them back with him to England. Usoop was courteous and quiet; Salleh, who had once saved his master from drowning, was a typical Malay who might have walked out of a pirate story; he displayed a quite piratical indifference to gore, his own included.

Once, writes the official, he brought me my morning coffee with one hand pressed to his head. As he removed it, when I told him to, a jet of blood spouted out, and he fell to the floor, senseless. It was merely the result of a slight difference with an acquaintance, but he would soon have bled to death had not a doctor been quickly available. He was a wonderful swimmer, and once at Brighton, where two professional swimmers were performing their feats before the crowded beach, he asked permission to join them. He surpassed both. If the diver turned a somersault on his way to the water, Salleh would turn two; and if the professional remained under water until almost as black in the face as his dusky competitor, Salleh did not reappear until the professional was ready to go in again. He defeated the other swimmer with equal ease, while the astonished onlookers roared with amusement and delight. But he was modest concerning his victory and asked no reward but sixpence to pay for his dressing room; he explained that it was only natural that he could swim, since when he was a baby his mother used to tie coconut shells to him and throw him into the sea to play.

Equanimity is a characteristic of the Malays, and both Salleh and Usoop accepted with composure all puzzling incidents of their life in a foreign land. Calling his master one morning, Usoop stated calmly: "It is time to get up, but there is no hurry, for something has happened." The "something" was a London fog. Another time, during a visit to a country house the owner of which bore a title, he startled his master and the group round him by observing, "I have just met our lord walking in the garden." Corrected, he politely but firmly adhered to his own wording, since the lord to whom he referred was not in particular his lord, but equally the lord of the mansion and all of its inhabitants. Why, then, should he be expected to say "my" lord?

The two Malays became expert bicyclists and had some odd adventures awheel. But so they did when they traveled by boat or train. On the

journey over, their master had occasion to leave the ship at Marseilles; he directed them to go on by sea to Plymouth and London, where he, having taken a shorter route, would rejoin them. When he went to meet the boat train at the station he was amazed to see Usoop and Salleh alight and walk quickly into a waiting cab.

I managed, says their master, to sprint after and stop it. When I asked where they were going they replied, "We cannot tell you, but the gentleman up there"—pointing to the driver—"knows us and beckoned us to get in." I too got in and after giving the exuberantly friendly driver an address, conveyed my confiding charges safely home.

THE RECLUSIVE GOBBLER

IN 1917, writes a Companion reader, I had two turkeys and a gobbler of the bronze variety. The gobbler was six years old and was a big fellow. About the 1st of July a turkey hatched out ten little ones, and for days the gobbler walked round the yard, coaxing and trying to get them to go with him. Then he disappeared.

He was gone all the rest of the summer. Several times I thought that something must have caught him, but at intervals some member of the family would see him; he was always alone and usually was a good way from the farm buildings. His conduct seemed strange, for turkeys usually go all together.

At last on the 24th of September while I was walking an unfrequented way past a lumber pile I happened to glance down under the edge of the pile, and there behind some tall weeds was the missing gobbler! I picked him up, and—would you believe it?—he was sitting on a tiny guinea egg! He must have found a nest where a guinea hen had hatched her young and had left an unhatched egg. And he was keeping the little egg warm!

The poor old fellow was almost a skeleton. I carried him to the henhouse and shut him up for a week; after that he was willing to resume a rational mode of life. But it was months before he began to look anything like his normal self. Since then I have heard that a gobbler sometimes takes better care of the little poults than a hen turkey does.

OUR NEWEST NATIONAL PARK

AMERICA is to have a new national park, a magic sixteen hundred acres of wonderland in the desert region of southeastern California. If one hundred ordinary Americans could be carried through the air asleep and then set down in the centre of the new park, probably ninety-nine of them would think they were in Arabia or Egypt or Algeria or possibly in Palestine; the odd one might guess California.

The park lies at the point where two fine mountains, San Jacinto, 10,805 feet high, and Santa Rosa, 8046 feet high, come together on the desert. What may be called the dividing line between the mountains is a long ravine, the lower part of which, opening on the level desert, is known as Palm Cañon. The cañon is the scenic centre of the park. It is a place of rugged cliffs of dark red rocks piled high and steep and except for the strange cacti that cling among the sun-baked granite is quite barren. But the bottom of



A View in Palm Cañon

the ravine is filled with a growth of tall and graceful fan palms among which runs a never-failing stream of clear water.

"I well remember," writes Mr. J. Smeaton Chase, "my own sensations on what I think was the second time I saw the cañon. In company with a friend I had been out for a couple of months on horseback through the wilder parts of

southern California. For days we had been wandering in the desert mountains, lost part of the time, and we and our horses were exhausted. Late one afternoon, after we had been scrambling about all day in scorching rocky country and were half blind with the blazing June sun, we suddenly spied far below us a rank of waving green palms. It was like magic! We halted our horses and with one impulse swung our hats into the air and shouted. In another hour we had off-saddled and were stretched luxuriously by a pool in the evening coolness, with palms rustling above us and unlimited water at arm's length, while our horses ripped away at water grass as if they feared that at any moment it might vanish."

The palm, which grows in the park and in a few neighboring localities, is known as the Washington palm and is to be found wild nowhere else in our country. All told there cannot be more than a few thousand specimens.

One remarkable thing about the new park is the short distance that separates the desert with its intense drought and heat—often in the summer the thermometer is 120° or more in the shade—from the high mountain regions where snow lies the greater part of the year. It is a notable experience to pass in four or five hours of foot or horseback travel by what has been appropriately named the Palm and Pine Trail from torrid sands and blistering sun to dim cool forests of pine, fir and cedar.

OUTWITTING THE JOKERS

A CORRESPONDENT of the Boston Transcript tells an amusing incident in the life of Dr. Samuel F. Smith, the author of America. At one time Dr. Smith was pastor of the village church in Waterville, Maine, and at the same time taught in Waterville College, now called Colby College. The president of the college was accustomed to conduct worship in the chapel every morning; but on one occasion he asked Dr. Smith to lead the service. The students, not knowing of Dr. Smith's remarkable memory, thought they would have a little fun at his expense and at the same time escape the usual Bible reading by spitting away the Bible from the pulpit. They made off with it successfully, but, instead of hunting for the missing book, Dr. Smith repeated from memory an entire chapter.

The next day the Bible was still missing, and the young professor repeated another chapter from memory. On the third morning he repeated a longer chapter apparently without noticing that the book was not there. On the fourth morning, since the Bible was still in hiding, the professor thought he would be even with the boys and repeated entirely from memory seventy-one verses from one of the longest chapters in the Gospel of Luke. He spoke with great deliberation and took much more time than was usually allowed to Bible reading.

The students found that Dr. Smith was too much for them. Not a word was said, but the Bible reappeared on the desk.

WHY MARK TWAIN READ THE ENCYCLOPEDIA

AT an early age Mark Twain was solemnly warned against the dangers of reading. As a boy—so we learn from the diary of Mrs. James T. Fields, which the Atlantic Monthly prints—one of the first stories that he acquired after he had begun his apprenticeship on a Mississippi River steamboat was the Fortunes of Nigel.

He hid himself with it behind a barrel, where the master of the boat found him and read him a lecture on the ruinous effects of his act. "I've seen it over and over ag'in," he declared. "You needn't tell me anythin' about it; if ye're going to be a pilot on this river yer needn't ever think of reading, for it just spiles all. Yer can't remember how high the tides were in Can's Gut three trips before the last now, I'll wager."

"Why, no," replied Mark, "that was six months ago."

"I don't care if 'twas," said the man. "If you hadn't been spilling yer mind by readin', ye'd have remembered."

So the boy was never permitted to read after that. "And," Mark once observed, "not being able to have it when I was hungry for it, I can only read the encyclopedia nowadays."

But, adds Mrs. Fields, that is not true; he reads everything!

THE PERILS OF EDUCATION

WHENEVER old Eben Toothaker doesn't understand what you say he says, "What say?" So do his neighbors. It is not strange that he doesn't understand his college-boy son's way of asking the same question.

Old Eben's wife noticed that he was somewhat depressed the evening after the boy had got back to the farm from his first year at college. "What's the matter, Eben?" she asked.

"Mary, I've spent nine hundred dollars on that boy's education, and I'm afraid it's wasted," said Eben. "He don't know as much as he did when he went to college."

"Why, what do you mean, father?"

"Well, tonight I said to him that it looked to me 'sif it might rain tomorrow, and what do ye s'pose he said?"

"Why, I don't know. What did he say?"

"Well, sir, he begged my pardon!"



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"BLIND GRIP"

THE term "blind grip" means a general poor condition of the body and mind that occurs with epidemic prevalence within six months or a year after outbreaks of genuine influenza. The condition is usually observed during years in which true grip does not prevail epidemically; it may be seen occasionally in influenza years. The influenza virus, which is supposed to cause the condition, gives it its name; yet "blind grip" betrays none of the recognized symptoms of influenza.

The trouble may begin with more or less neuralgia or headache or with a mild cardiac disturbance, as manifested by a fluttering or slight feeling of oppression over the front of the chest or by an occasional intermittence of the heart-beat; or the trouble may come on insidiously without any marked symptoms. However it begins, the condition soon settles down into one of physical weakness and easy fatigability with no other pronounced symptoms. The appetite is usually good, and in most cases there is no indigestion. The patient sleeps well as a rule, though there may be occasional wakefulness without any apparent cause other than fatigue. Often a poor night will follow a day of excitement, such as seeing too many people or talking too much in the evening. That is the only symptom which suggests neurasthenia, from which "blind grip" differs in almost every other respect.

All the bodily functions are sluggishly performed. The blood pressure is low as a rule; the pulse is weak but usually not accelerated, and the temperature is persistently below normal. Normal temperature is 98.6°, but in patients suffering with "blind grip" it falls to 97° and even to 96°, and nothing that the doctor can do will bring it up until the patient begins to get well. There is often an acid condition of the body that persists in spite of the administration of alkalis. The disease is chronic in its course, but does finally yield to sensible treatment, which consists of rest, good things to eat and tonics.

It is believed that the condition is owing to exhaustion of some of the glands of internal secretion—the thyroid, the pituitary or the adrenals—by the influenzal poison, and the belief is strengthened by the good results that sometimes follow the administration of extracts of one or all of those glands. But, since the treatment is not invariably successful, there may be something else wrong that doctors have not yet found out.

PARABLES OF COMFORT

THREADING her way among the assorted furniture on the sidewalk, Lydia Crandall ran up the steps and into the open doorway. She found her friend Fannie Harlow in a third-floor back room, polishing an already shining window. "Of all things!" Lydia cried. "Haven't you enough to do without wasting all that energy?"

Fannie turned, and her tired arm dropped limply. "Oh, I'm not quite so foolish as I look," she replied. "You see, it was either tire my muscles or go distracted over those moving men. Lydia, why didn't I know the kind they were going to be? Why didn't I think to ask?"

"What kind are they? Are there different kinds?"

"I should say there are! There are the kind that mercifully make the torture as short as possible and the kind that prolong it to the last minute. And these are the long kind. They set everything, every old shabbiest chair and table, out on the sidewalk before they pack a thing in the vans. Even your best things reveal all sorts of spots and stains and shabbinesses out in that awful sunlight, but when it comes to the things that you long to burn up but haven't had the courage! O dear, I know old Mrs. Minturn is taking a complete and gloating inventory. And that bride across the street whose beautiful, shining, latest-moment furniture arrived two weeks ago! My only comfort is that I'm going clean out of the neighborhood. I wish I were going to another city!"

"Fan, you absurd thing! When all you will have to do is to put a cushion here and a bowl of flowers there and scatter a few books about, and people will rave over your lovely home!"

You are a fraud. You know perfectly well that your furniture will look splendid, that you will give it—personality!"

"But it has all had five years' wear since it last sat on the sidewalk—five years of children's wear!"

"You can't impose upon me; I know your tricks and your manners," Lydia replied firmly.

Fannie drew a breath of relief; then a curious look came into her eyes. "Lydia!" she cried. "You are the stupidest person I ever knew. You see so clearly when it's a matter of features. As if personality in persons isn't infinitely more magical than personality in furniture! Yet ever so often you make yourself miserable because your nose isn't classic or your complexion isn't like a six-year-old's. Don't you see, you goose, that the matter is exactly like my furniture standing round on a sidewalk or being friendly in a house? You never see yourself when you are talking or thinking funny whimsical things or just loving people!"

"Why, Fan!" Lydia gasped.

"Call it quits?" Fannie replied. "What's a parable between friends?"

"But I can't believe it," Lydia protested.

"Go and look at the scars on my beloved tea table on the sidewalk," Fannie commanded her. "I don't believe you'll have the face to say anything after that!"

TOOTSIE'S GREAT MISTAKE

SEEING a large dog chase a white tomcat, writes a correspondent, my mother brought the cat from the lot across the street into the house. He was deaf, as most white cats seem to be, and was also lame from the combat. We called him Whiteie.

Our neighbor across the way had a large gray-and-black-striped tomcat that she called Tootsie; he was sleek and fat and was reputed to be a wonderful mouser. Occasionally he came over, and then my mother would coax him into the house, for we were troubled with mice. Tootsie and Whiteie seemed pleased to be together; they would touch noses, purr and weave round each other. If it chanced to be mealtime and Whiteie were eating when Tootsie arrived, he would leave his dinner and stand back until his guest had eaten his fill.

One Sunday morning there was a great commotion by the fire, where the two cats had been dozing a moment before. Thinking that one of them must have a fit, my mother hastily put them out of doors. Then she discovered that Tootsie had caught a mouse and that Whiteie was begging for a taste. But Tootsie devoured every bit before Whiteie's eyes.

Here is the stranger part. From that day Whiteie maintained a dignified manner and appeared to be wholly unconscious of Tootsie if he chanced to come over—unless it were mealtime; then Whiteie would begin such a caterwauling that we were obliged to put Tootsie out. The two cats were never friends again—and all on account of a mouse.

COSTLY CURIOSITY

THE Indian medicine man of the old Northwest was often an intentional deceiver who played upon the ignorance of his fellow tribesmen. Sometimes, however, as we learn from Mr. H. M. Robinson's Great Fur Land, he proves himself as credulous as his followers.

One day in winter, says Mr. Robinson, a party of Indians came to our house to beg for food; among them were several noted conjurers. We were all curious to know how far their belief in the supernatural would carry them; and, since we had a large music box, we wound it up and, unnoticed, put it on the table. In a moment it began to play. The faces of the savages took on a wondering and dazed expression. But, quickly recovering their poise, they began to trace the sound to its origin. After several minutes of deep attention one old man raised his gun and fired at the box.

It is perhaps unnecessary to mention that the instrument was ruined. The conjurer asserted that an evil spirit concealed in the box had caused the music, and that it could be driven out only with a gunshot. Our curiosity was satisfied, but at a considerable expense.

BALFOUR'S MODEST CADDIE

LORD BALFOUR, says a contributor to the Boston Transcript, was once playing golf on a strange course and had with him a diminutive caddie who was very free with his advice as to distances, what clubs to use, and so forth. The statesman played the round with much success, and when he had holed his last shot the little man turned to him admiringly and, gazing at his tall frame, said, "Eh, mon, if I had your legs, and ye had ma intellect, what a pair we'd make!"

WHERE HAD SHE HEARD IT?

THE famous musician was bowing to the select audience in his hostess's palatial house when she came rustling up to him. "What was that lovely selection you played just now?" she inquired.

"That was an improvisation, madam," he replied.

"Oh, yes," she murmured, "I remember now. It's an old favorite of mine, but the name of it had slipped my mind for a moment."

What is the Yearly Net Profit in a Flock of Fifty Hens?

We have asked the question of several people and each one has a different answer—all are more or less guesswork.

We should like to have some of our hen raisers tell us from practical experience just what a flock of fifty hens will return in a year.

Perhaps the amount varies with locations,—very probably it does,—so it will be interesting to receive information from as many different sections of the country as possible.

The cost of hen feed, the interest on the investment, housing, etc., are definite items that ought to be easily available. Labor is an unknown item but it is there nevertheless, and an estimate based on the time required for feeding and general care ought to be included. Then, also, the costs of marketing—crating, carting and collections are to be reckoned in.

In many cases it is the housewife that cares for the hens and the return in money is hers—her "pin money." We do not want her to stop raising chickens and selling eggs, but we would like to explain to her how she can earn at least as much more, in time that now yields no money return.

That can be accomplished with our help and suggestions, and when once established, the business, small at first with no investment except SPARE TIME will quickly grow into a real INCOME BUILDER.

A POST CARD OR NOTE WITH AN ANSWER TO OUR QUESTION, "WHAT IS THE NET YEARLY PROFIT IN A FLOCK OF FIFTY HENS?" WILL BRING THE COMPLETE DETAILS OF OUR PLAN TO YOU BY RETURN MAIL. ADDRESS

The Youth's Companion Winners' Club
881 COMMONWEALTH AVENUE ... BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



Getting the Most for Your Money

Subscribers to The Youth's Companion who plan to take more than one periodical during 1923 can materially reduce the cost by taking advantage of the following

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McCALL'S MAGAZINE . . .1.00	3.25	Regular Price \$3.50	
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PICTORIAL REVIEW . . .1.50			
TODAY'S HOUSEWIFE . . .1.00	4.00		
Regular Price \$5.00			
THE YOUTH'S COMPANION 2.50	All Three	THE YOUTH'S COMPANION 2.50	All Three
PICTORIAL REVIEW . . .1.50		PICTORIAL REVIEW . . .1.50	4.50
PEOPLE'S HOME JOURNAL .1.25	4.25	CHRISTIAN HERALD . . .2.00	
Regular Price \$5.25		Regular Price \$6.00	

The Companion subscriber who takes advantage of these offers will receive a gift of The Companion Home Calendar for 1923

SEND ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS TO CLUB DEPT.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE PUBLISHERS—TO



YEAR AGO in the issue of The Companion corresponding to this one—the last of the year—we told you of some of the difficulties that every publisher had had to meet during the period immediately following the war. If we so met ours as not only to deprive you of nothing that you had a right to expect, but to give you more and better service, it was because you, our subscribers, were staunchly loyal; and for that loyalty we thank you.

The word “subscriber” is now so common and so generally used in one sense only that we seldom think of its original and deeper meaning. A subscriber is, literally, a person who writes his name at the end of a contract or agreement; in other words, translating the Latin into English, an *underwriter*.



More than two hundred years ago the English shipmasters used to gather at the coffeehouses along the water front of London to exchange news and transact business.

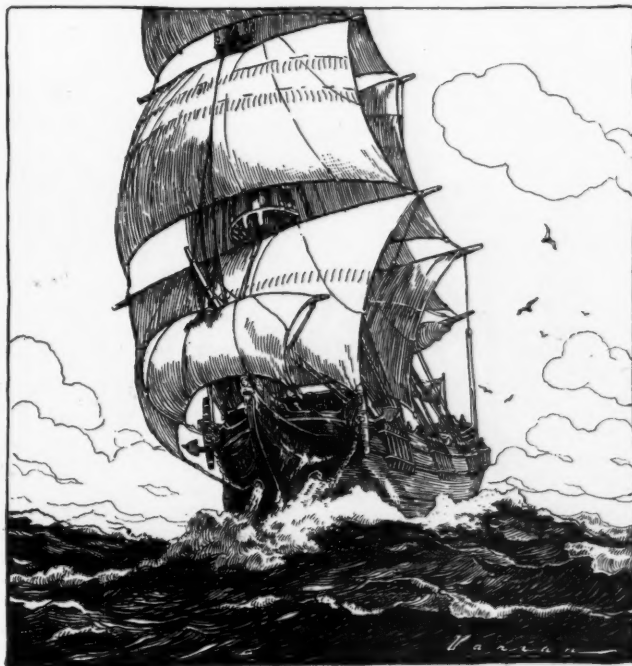
Then they began to post little slips of paper on which they announced their prospective sailings and described the ship and its cargo and crew; and groups of men—perhaps fifty or a hundred—wrote down the amount up to which each one of them was willing to assume risk on that vessel for that trip, and signed his name under it. Those men thus became the “underwriters” for this or that ship; and because they were risking something, they took care before they signed to learn whether the vessel was well built and sound, whether the owners were honest men and

YOU—OUR SUBSCRIBERS

whether the captain was competent and sober. Their scrutiny was therefore the best possible safeguard to the lives and property of the shipping interests.

You are not only subscribers to The Companion but the underwriters of it; and since there are now some hundreds of thousands of you, each one of whom has "underwritten" us to the amount of two dollars and a half, we believe we are justified in assuming that you have found that The Companion is always a good risk; that it was built of sound timber in the beginning and that we have kept it always seaworthy, manned it with prudence, good will and courage, and provisioned it with the best moral and mental rations that we could buy.

The Companion sets out on the voyage of the new year—its ninety-sixth—with higher hopes and greater confidence than ever before. The heavy weather that has so long kept industry and trade in port, or timidly hugging the shore, is over. The stormwinds have died down, the trades are blowing fair and free, the sky is clear. It is time to refit old ventures and launch new ones. We sail with a richer cargo than ever before, and our lookout is for'ard and not aft.



This is our message for the New Year.

PERRY MASON COMPANY - - BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Publishers The Youth's Companion



Trade

Mark



"KEEPING WATCH"

Painted by Edw. V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Company

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